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HARP  
OF THE  
CHRISTIAN HOME  
EDITED BY THE  
*REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.*



2

HARP  
OF THE  
CHRISTIAN HOME

Hymns by Living Writers

EDITED BY THE  
REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LTD.  
EDITOR OF "LYRA BRITANNICA"



LONDON  
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1876

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## P R E F A C E.

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HEN at the fiat of the Divine Creator the earth arose from chaos, "the morning stars sang together;" and as the great advent at Bethlehem betokened a world redeemed, the heavenly host praised God. Those sacred songs which in the temple service gladdened the sons of Israel, have cheered the Christian believer in the house of prayer, in the hour of sickness, and in the chamber of mourning. In "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," have rich and poor, young and old, master and servant, united in blessing a common Father. By the cord of sacred melody have households, communities, and churches been knit together. The desert of life has proved less arid through the minstrelsy of praise.

With rainbow span has the melody of sacred song encircled the course of human destiny, embracing creation, and redemption, and triumph. The saints of the old dispensation it has united with those of the new, and both with God ; it has united sect with sect, generation with generation, men of every clime and every colour—all who share the same hope, and for salvation rest under the same blood. To the aged sojourner it awakens endearing memories, and as a meteor star points to the harmonies of heaven. An emblem of celestial promise, it anticipates a period when, as a pæan of Gospel triumph, "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

By the use of hymns is domestic worship especially hallowed :

“ Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet,  
Their songs of praise, their hymns of joy,  
Make their communion sweet :  
Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.”

Even to the passer-by the notes of household praise are as the scarlet thread in Rahab’s window,—a comfort and a solace. Of “the church in the house,” with its ministry of song, the remembrance has reclaimed the prodigal, cheered the exile, and “to those who were ready to perish,” been “as a savour of good ointment.”

In preparing his present collection, the Editor has confined himself to the compositions of living writers. Of these, that portion which has been selected is much less accessible than the compositions of the older hymnists, while the contributed hymns are abundantly suited to the wants and aspirations of the Christian household. To his correspondents and contributors the Editor is grateful for their enabling him to place a book of praise on the domestic altar.

GRAMPIAN LODGE, FOREST HILL, S.E.,  
*October 1876.*

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H A R P  
OF  
THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

---

*Divine Love.*

Love Divine, all love excelling  
Which a changing world can give,  
Make my soul Thy favoured dwelling ;  
Then to God I'll wholly live.

Peace with Thee, my kind Creator ;  
Peace through Christ I humbly crave ;  
Though my guilt is great, yet greater  
Are Thy power and love to save.

Keep me, Lord, from self deceiving,  
Free from sin's debasing sway ;  
In Thy love and truth believing,  
Cheer me on my heavenward way.

Thou, of peace the only giver ;  
Thou, the source of bliss divine,—  
Cleanse my heart, and oh, for ever,  
Heavenly Father, make it Thine.

Come, then, worldly grief and weeping,  
Come, then, disappointment's sting ;  
While my heart is in Thy keeping,  
Joyful still Thy praise I'll sing.

Pain nor death from Thee shall move me ;  
Death, through Christ, shall be my friend  
That subdued, my God, I'll love Thee  
With a love that knows no end.

Rev. THOMAS HOLME

---

### *Prayer.*

Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the day declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,  
If any such there be.  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim ;  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way  
Even then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
May reach His thróne of glory,  
Who is mercy, truth, and love !

Oh! not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that He hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer !  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall,  
And remember, in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave thee all.

Mrs J. B. SIMPSON.

*HARP OF THE*

*Breast the Wave, Christian.*

BREAST the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest.  
Onward and onward still  
Be thine endeavour ;  
The rest that remaineth  
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee :  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee.  
He who hath promised  
Faltereth never ;  
The love of eternity  
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth ;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever ;  
Mount when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

*JOSEPH STAMMERS.*

### The Christian Soldier.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Beneath His banner true,  
The Lord himself thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue.  
His love foretells thy trials ;  
He knows thine hourly need ;  
He can with bread of heaven  
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Fear not the secret foe ;  
Far more o'er thee are watching  
Than human eyes can know :  
Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;  
Cease not to watch and pray ;  
Heed not the treach'rous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished  
And heaven is all possessed ;  
Till Christ himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armour by,  
And wear in endless glory  
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
 Fear not the gathering night ;  
 The Lord has been thy shelter,  
 The Lord will be thy light :  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past :  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last.

Rev. LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

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### Bethlehem.

WHAT are these ethereal strains  
 Floating o'er Judea's plains ?  
 Burning spirits throng the sky  
 With their lofty minstrelsy.  
 Hark ! they break the midnight trance  
 With the joyous utterance—  
 “Glory to God, and peace to men,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !”

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray ;  
 Shadows, ye may melt away ;  
 Prophecy, your work is done ;  
 Gospel ages have begun !

Temple, quench your altar-fires ;  
For these radiant angel-choirs  
To a ruined world proclaim—  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem !”

Pillowed is His infant head  
On a borrowed manger-bed ;  
He, around whose throne above  
Angels hymned their songs of love,  
Now is wrapt by virgin hands  
In earth’s meanest swaddling bands ;  
Once adored by seraphim,  
Now a Babe of Bethlehem.

Eastern sages from afar,  
Guided by a mystic star,  
Followed, till its lustre mild  
Brought them to the Heavenly Child.  
May each providence to me  
Like a guiding meteor be,  
Bringing nearer unto Him  
Once the Babe of Bethlehem !

Rev. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D.

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**Sunday Morning.**

SACRED Sabbath ! Holy Rest !  
With the smile of Heaven imprest ;  
Joyful Sunday, radiant shine !  
Gladden me with light divine.

Poor man's charter from above,  
Sign to all that God is love ;  
God, who labour did ordain,  
Bids the weary rest again.

Day when severed households meet,  
Gathering round the mercy-seat ;  
Day of calm retreat from care,  
Day of cheerful praise and prayer.

Day of the Creator's rest,  
When His finished work He blest ;  
Day on which the Saviour rose,  
Victor over all His foes.

O may I, in God, my home,  
Peaceful rest, and never roam ;  
O that I with Christ may rise  
Till I join Him in the skies !

Fit me, day of holy rest,  
For the Sabbath of the blest ;  
Be the sun of all the seven,  
Foretaste, harbinger of heaven !

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, L.I.B.

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*Morning Hymn.*

O LORD of life, Thy quickening voice  
Awakes my morning song :  
In gladsome words I would rejoice  
That I to Thee belong.

I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind ;  
Earth is Thy uttered word ;  
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,  
Thy presence is, my Lord.

The living soul which I call me,  
Doth love and long to know ;  
It is a thought of living Thee,  
Nor forth of Thee can go.

Therefore I choose my highest part,  
 And turn my face to Thee ;  
 Therefore I stir my inmost heart  
 To worship fervently.

Lord, let me live and act this day  
 Still rising from the dead ;  
 Lord, make my spirit good and gay—  
 Give me my daily bread.

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,  
 My heart alive to keep,  
 Till the night comes, and labour done,  
 In Thee I fall asleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

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### *Progress of Truth.*

HARK ! the distant isles proclaim  
 Glory to Messiah's name ;  
 Hymns of praise unheard before,  
 Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts that once were taught to own  
Idol gods of wood and stone,  
Now to light and life restored,  
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

Blessed Saviour, still proceed ;  
Bid the glorious conquest speed ;  
Let this first refreshing ray  
Brighten to a perfect day.

At Thy Gospel's solemn call,  
Bid the towers of Satan fall,  
And his wretched slaves obtain  
Freedom from their galling chain.

Let the messengers of peace  
Raise their voice and never cease,  
Till the world, from sin made free,  
Shall unite to worship Thee.

Rev. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

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## A Litany Hymn.

"In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our wealth ; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,—Good Lord, deliver us."—*The Litany.*

WHEN cares in cruel legions throng  
 About the bruised and bleeding heart,  
 And sorrow with a fal'ring tongue  
 Reveals how keen has been the smart ;  
 Then, Holy Spirit, softly shower  
 On us Thy renovating power ;  
 Lord ! in the time foreshadowed thus,  
 For Christ's dear sake, deliver us !

In all bright days of youth and health,  
 When joys abound and friends are true,  
 In every hour of earthly wealth,  
 And Satan's wiles both old and new ;  
 Then, Holy Spirit, to us prove  
 How rich is still the Father's love ;  
 Lord ! in the time foreshadowed thus,  
 For Christ's dear sake, deliver us !

In that dread hour of coming death,  
 When all things just proportions show,  
 May we with every fleeting breath  
 Thy wondrous love and pity know ;

Then may Thy Spirit's power instil  
How little 'tis that death can kill ;  
Lord ! in the hour foreshadowed thus,  
For Christ's dear sake, deliver us !

When all mankind at last shall see  
The Saviour on His judgment-throne,  
Amid the white-robed host may we  
Be hailed His dearly purchased own !  
So may the Holy Spirit still  
God's endless purposes fulfil ;  
Lord ! in the day foreshadowed thus,  
For Christ's dear sake, deliver us !

Mrs NEWTON CROSLAND.

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### *The Prodigal's Return.*

THE wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,  
The Father hath embraced His child,  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is the Father's joy to bless ;  
His love provides for me a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Now shall my famished soul be fed ;  
A feast of love for me is spread ;  
I feed upon the "children's bread,"  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,  
He puts me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His face,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

I cannot half His love express ;  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is Thy precious name I bear,  
It is Thy spotless robe I wear ;  
Therefore the Father's love I share,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

And when I in Thy likeness shine,  
The glory and the praise be Thine,  
That everlasting joy is mine,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Mrs WALKER.

### The Lamb of God.

LAMB of God ! our souls adore Thee,  
While upon Thy face we gaze :  
There the Father's love and glory  
Shine in all their brightest rays :  
Thine Almighty power and wisdom  
All creation's works proclaim :  
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,  
As the ever great "I Am."

Lamb of God ! Thy Father's bosom  
Ever was Thy dwelling-place ;  
His delight in Him rejoicing,  
One with Him, in power and grace :  
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy !  
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,  
And for us didst come from heaven  
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God ! when we behold Thee  
Lowly in the manger laid ;  
Wandering as a homeless stranger,  
In the world Thy hands had made ;  
When we see Thee in the garden  
In Thine agony of blood—  
At Thy grace we are confounded,  
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God !

When we see Thee as the victim,  
 Bound to the accursèd tree,  
 For our guilt and sorrow stricken,  
 All our judgment borne by Thee :  
 Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,  
 Thou hast loved us unto blood ;  
 Glory, glory, everlasting,  
 Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

JAMES GEORGE DECK.

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### **L**ove and **P**ray.

OUR life may have a thousand cares,  
 Their power increasing day by day ;  
 Yet give us, Lord, the spirit still  
 To love and pray.

A thousand pleasures may be ours,  
 And weave for us a garland gay ;  
 Yet never, Lord, let us forget  
 To love and pray.

Whatever life withholds or gives,  
 Though dark or cloudless lie our way ;  
 In joy, in sorrow, be it ours  
 To love and pray.

For never can the soul be dead,  
And never can the heart decay,  
Which, through the varied scenes of life,  
Can love and pray.

Then bless us with this treasure, Lord ;  
Be this from Thee our guiding ray,  
That we, whatever lot be ours,  
May love and pray.

J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.

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### The Man of Sorrows.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed ;  
A mourner all His life was He,  
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear  
The cross with all its scorn ;  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
That wreathed His brow with thorn ?

No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like Him obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm,  
To yon celestial hill.

In tents we dwell amidst the waste,  
Nor turn aside to roam  
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest  
Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world, with Him who died  
To win our hearts, or love :  
We, risen with our risen Head,  
In spirit dwell above.

By faith, His boundless glories there,  
Our wondering eyes behold ;  
Those glories which eternal years  
Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire  
To lose ourselves in love,  
Bears all our hopes from earth away,  
And fixes them above.

Sir EDWARD DENNY, Bart.

**God is Love.**

WHAT is the Lord? Survey the world,  
Each hill, each vale, each stream, each grove ;  
From every rock, and field, and tree,  
A voice replies, that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Gaze through the skies  
On yon bright orbs which ceaseless move  
In glorious maze—still as they roll  
They chant the song, that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Look to the place  
Where glory sits enthroned above ;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand there  
Cry with one voice, that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Search nature's store,  
Her length and breadth, below, above,  
There's not an atom but appears  
Stamped with the record, "God is love!"

Yet amid all, behold yon tree !  
One glance of faith will sweetly prove,  
That there the brightest ray descends,  
Which, beaming, tells that "God is love!"

Dark is the wood, and stained with blood,  
 Yet o'er it broods the Holy Dove,  
 Uttering, to all eternity,  
 The still small voice, that "God-is love!"

Rev. D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

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### *For Time of Sickness.*

ALL things are ours ; how abundant the treasure,  
 All riches which heaven or earth can afford !  
 Oh, may our thanks, like His grace, without measure,  
 Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord !

All things are ours ; be it sickness or healing,  
 'Tis ordered alike for our infinite good ;  
 Determined by grace, and for ever revealing  
 This truth, that we love and are loved of our God.

All things are ours ; though the body may perish,  
 We faint not to feel it fast wasting away ;  
 The soul its bright visions of glory will cherish,  
 And strengthen in holiness day after day.

All things are ours ; yea, the present affliction  
Though now through the gloom of mortality viewed ;  
For soon shall we joy in the blissful conviction,  
That thus it was good to be tried and subdued.

All things are ours ; through the Saviour's merit,  
The shame of His cross, which must needs be our  
own,  
Will brighten the glory that circles the spirit  
And sparkles like gems in our heavenly crown.

Rev. JAMES HOLME.

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### *The Substitute.*

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all and frees us  
From the accursèd load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;  
 All fulness dwells in Him ;  
 He heals all my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares ;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine ;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on his breast recline.  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes,  
 His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints His praises,  
 To learn the angels' song.

### Bethlehem : A Christmas Carol.

Not in halls of regal splendour,  
Not to princes of the earth,  
Did the herald angels render  
    Tidings of their Monarch's birth ;  
Not to statesman, priest, or sage,  
They proclaimed the golden age,  
'Twas the poor man's heritage—  
    For on shepherds lowly,  
    Burst the anthem holy—  
        IN EXCELSIS GLORIA,  
        ET IN TERRA PAX !

Not by worldly wealth or wisdom,  
Not by power of law or sword ;  
But by service, to win freedom ;  
    And by sorrow, bliss afford :  
Born to poverty and pain,  
Born to die and thus to reign,  
Rescuing man from Satan's chain—  
    Jesus now rules o'er us,  
    Swell the joyful chorus—  
        IN EXCELSIS GLORIA,  
        ET IN TERRA PAX !

Glory be to God in heaven,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men !  
In the highest, praise be given !  
Angels ! strike your harps again.  
Justice has on mercy smiled,  
God and men are reconciled,  
Through Emmanuel, new-born Child,  
Blend we then our voices !  
Earth with heaven rejoices—  
IN EXCELSIS GLORIA,  
ET IN TERRA PAX !

Bid the new-born Monarch welcome,  
Pay Him homage every heart !  
Hallelujah ! let His kingdom  
Swiftly spread in every part.  
War and bloodshed then shall cease,  
Selfishness its slaves release,  
Love shall reign, and white-robed peace ;  
Then, from earth as heaven,  
Praise shall aye be given—  
IN EXCELSIS GLORIA,  
ET IN TERRA PAX !

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

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*Angels' Whispers.*

IN those hours when thought is creeping  
O'er my heart and through my brain,  
Feelings, which have long been sleeping,  
Waken into life again.

Blissful visions flit before me ;  
Hope is kindled in my breast ;  
Holy voices, breathing o'er me,  
Tell me where to find my rest.

Heralds bright, of Heaven's own sending,  
From the eternal realms of day ;  
Angel forms are round me bending,  
And methinks I hear them say :

“ Child of earth, oh cease thy sighing—  
Lift thy tearful eye above !  
See the joy before thee lying  
In yon glorious land of love.

“ Think not thou to bask in pleasure  
In a changing world like this ;  
Heavenward turn, and search for treasure  
'Mid the golden fields of bliss.

“Look not on the past with sorrow,  
Though it shadowed be in gloom ;  
Darkest night has still a morrow—  
Winter past, the flowers will bloom.

“So with thee ; though now enshrouded  
In the dreary night of dread,  
Soon shall peace, free and unclouded,  
Burst in brightness o'er thy head.

“Not in anger art thou stricken ;  
Murmur not against the rod ;  
Every wound is meant to quicken  
And to lead thee to thy God !”

Thus they speak in whispered voices,  
Till my spirit-yearnings cease ;  
Till my humbled heart rejoices  
In those promises of peace.

Mortal thoughts are all forbidden ;  
Earth, and all that's earthly, dies ;  
Glories, far with Jesus hidden,  
Draw me upward to the skies.

MARGARET CRAWFORD ROSEBURGH.

**The Sabbath.**

ON each return of holy rest,  
The day my heavenly Father blest ;  
Oh, let my happy portion be  
To find supreme delight in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

These precious hours I would improve  
In fervent prayer, in sacred love ;  
From earth's polluting pleasures free  
To find my every joy in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

When Gospel messages I hear,  
Oh, may the Holy Dove be near,  
To seal Thy promises to me,  
And give new confidence in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

When humbly kneeling at Thy throne,  
With deep distress my guilt I own,  
Then let my contrite spirit see,  
Enough of pardoning grace in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

When in Thy temple I adore,  
 And truth's unfathomed mines explore,  
 Or trembling praise the One in Three,  
 Fresh glories let me view in Thee—

In Thee, my God, in Thee !

When to thy table I repair,  
 Be Thou, my Saviour, with me there,  
 Fix my whole heart on Calvary,  
 Until my soul is lost in Thee—

In Thee, my God, in Thee !

Thus on each day of holy rest  
 May I with heavenly joy be blest,  
 Till in a bright eternity  
 I have my perfect bliss in Thee—

In Thee, my God, in Thee !

Rev. JAMES HOLME.

### To a Young Christian.

WORK ! thy mission is not slumber ;  
 Sleep besemeth not the soul ;  
 Sins and sorrows without number  
 Stand between thee and the goal.

Tremble ! lest thy foot should stumble ;  
Death pursues on fleetest steed ;  
Strive with courage, yet be humble ;  
Be the wings of prayer thy speed !

Fear ! lest pleasure should entice thee  
To forget the holy prize ;  
Fear ! lest riches should advise thee  
Heavenly treasures to despise.

Tremble ! for the heart within thee,  
Tremble ! for the world without ;  
Fear ! lest sin or sorrow win thee  
Once to droop, despond, or doubt.

Work ! and rend each galling fetter  
Satan would impose on thee ;  
Rest not, either worse or better  
Every day thy soul must be.

Fearing, trembling, striving, praying,  
Onward like yon rolling river ;  
Man's delaying proves decaying,  
Soul immortal resteth never.

Rest celestial is not slumber,  
Glory's pathway climbs to God ;  
Seraphs, spirits without number,  
Tread that ever rising road.

Ever up to Godhead soaring,  
'Tis their glory still to soar ;  
'Mid eternal bliss adoring,  
Heaven behind, around, before.

Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D.

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### *The Restoring of Zion.*

Ho ! Zion, awake, and come forth like a bride ;  
Ho ! Salem, put on thine apparel of pride ;  
Shake the bands from thy neck, and the dust from  
thine hair,  
For the dayspring hath dawned on thy night of despair.

The bloom of thy cheek, and the grace of thy form,  
No more shall be faded and marred by the storm ;  
No more shall thy soul, that was desolate, know  
The barren one's shame, and the widowed one's woe.

When Jehovah was wroth with the spouse of His love,  
There was darkness around thee, and terror above,  
Yet His ire and His frown but a moment endure,  
*Whose march is swift, whose remembrance is sure.*

Thy wounds He shall heal, and thy breaches repair,  
And fill thee with all that is holy and fair,  
And the mansions and bowers of thy beauty unfold,  
With ramparts of sapphire, and portals of gold.

When the bolts of His wrath on thy spoilers descend,  
Not the sceptre of Pharaoh shall Egypt defend ;  
The long line of Assur in dust shall expire,  
With the valour of Gath, and the wisdom of Tyre.

But the branch of thy people shall flourish anew,  
Still cheered by His sun, and refreshed by His dew ;  
In the vale shall thine olives their fatness distil,  
And the blush of thy vintage empurple the hill.

The forest shall bloom, and the wilderness sing,  
Where sprang the rough brier, sweet myrtle shall spring,  
Deep harvests shall mantle thy waterless wolds,  
And the flocks of Nebaioth replenish thy folds.

The glory of Lebanon's grove shall be thine,  
The cedar's broad crest, and the strength of the pine,  
That thy temple again may resplendent arise,  
And the smoke of thine altars stream up to the skies.

For thee the fleet camels of Dedan shall haste,  
With incense and myrrh, o'er the sand of the waste ;  
The white sails of Tarshish shall waft unto thee  
The gold of the isles, and the gems of the sea.

From the lands of the stranger, from bondage and  
wrong,  
Thy children, redeemed, to thy bosom shall throng;  
O'er the hills of the north, o'er the waves of the west  
With songs shall they come to their haven of rest.

Then the days of thy mourning for ever shall cease,  
And thy brows shall be bound with the garland  
of peace ;  
For the angel of truth at thy gate shall keep ward,  
And thy holiness shine in the light of the Lord.

Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, Bart.

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### *The God of Nature.*

O GOD of nature and of grace,  
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place !  
The temple where Thou art adored  
As universal King and Lord ;  
Where meet the simple-hearted just  
In holy awe and childlike trust,  
To catch devotion's kindling flame,  
And sing the glory of Thy name.

Nor yet alone in sacred fane,  
Dost Thou in sovereign greatness reign—  
From the earth's plains and mountains bold,  
Firm fixed on their foundations old ;  
From oceans that obey Thy will,  
Thy kingdom stretches widening still,  
Far as the astonished eye can pierce  
The grand and glowing universe.

And when the eye of science fails,  
And her own region faith unveils,  
Ascending to her heavenly goal,  
What glories burst upon the soul !  
The visible creation fades,  
The sun and stars are dimmed in shades  
Before that boundless vision bright,  
That blaze of uncreated light.

O God of nature and of grace,  
How spacious is Thy dwelling-place !  
From low-roofed churches, towers sublime,  
From minsters sanctified by time,  
And homes where humble Christians dwell,  
What songs of spiritual gladness swell !  
Joining the hymn of earth and sea,  
And starry heavens, that mounts to Thee.

Rev. JAMES DODDS.

*The Voices of Nature.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

I STOOD rejoicing on a mountain high  
And felt its strength sublime,  
Nor wondered why its summit could defy  
The printing feet of Time.  
It imaged Thy strong faithfulness, O God,  
And Thy majestic truth,  
That build on earth and heaven their firm abode,  
In everlasting youth.

I crossed by day a thunder-smitten heath,  
And found it full of life,  
Full of small, wondrous things that waged with death  
A strange, victorious strife.  
Then thought I of Thy desolations, Lord,  
In which sweet mercies shine,  
And of Thy wrathful vials that are poured,  
Yet quench not hope divine.

The forest's ancient shade I pierced by night,  
Awed by its silent gloom,  
Till, like an angel, shone the morning light,  
That darkness to illume.

Then dreamed I of the land without a dream,  
Where sleeps the weary head,  
And of the morn that wakes with quickening beam  
The kingdom of the dead.

I saw and heard the unfathomable sea  
Swelling upon its shore ;  
How bright it shone, in all its motions free,  
And strong for evermore !  
It murmured of Thy deep, eternal love,  
Thou Uncreated One,  
Poured in o'erflowing fulness from above  
Through Thine incarnate Son.

Sky-piercing mountain, bleak and blasted moor,  
Old forest dark as night,  
And thou, great sea, with thy vast murmuring shore,  
And many waters bright,  
Ye are to me a voice, a life, a power,  
My heart and soul to move ;  
Oh speak to men, to men speak every hour,  
Of mercy, truth, and love !

Rev. JAMES DODDS.

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*The Last Wish.*

No more, no more of the cares of time !  
Speak to me now of that happy clime,  
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan,  
And sorrow and care are all unknown :  
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,  
And my moments are numbered here below,  
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell  
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,  
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers ;  
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,  
With their harps of gold and their endless song ;  
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,  
And its streamlets all lucid with living light ;  
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed stray,  
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,  
Far from sorrow, and free from care,  
The loved of my soul, who passed away  
In the roseate bloom of their early day ;  
Oh, are they not bending around me now,  
*Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,*

Waiting until my spirit fly,  
To herald me home to my rest on high ?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear  
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,  
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove  
That circles the home of our early love ;  
And so let my spirit calmly rise,  
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the  
skies,  
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,  
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

Rev. WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D.

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### *Our Father.*

(CONTRIBUTED).

O THOU, whose name is light and love,  
From sin and sorrow keep us free ;  
For whom have we in heaven above,  
*Whom in this lowly vale, but Thee?*

In darkness must we wander here,  
 With clouds and shadows round our way,  
 Unless Thy blessèd lamp be near,  
 To shed o'er life its friendly ray.

To toil and trouble are we born,  
 As sparks stream upward to the sky,  
 But Thou can'st turn our night to morn,  
 And bid all clouds and shadows fly.

Then still be near us, God of grace !  
 As through this weary world we rove,  
 Still shine upon us with Thy face,  
 Father ! whose name is light and love.

Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D.

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### *The Christian Race.*

ONWARD, holy champion !  
 Run the Christian race ;  
 Leave the world behind thee,  
 Heavenward set thy face :  
 Fresh from cleansing water,  
 Bright with oil divine,  
 Trained with wholesome nurture,  
 Heavenly bread and wine.

Onward, holy champion !  
    Throw all weight aside,  
All distracting pleasure,  
    All encumb'ring pride.  
Shun the subtle pitfalls  
    Laid by Satan's spite ;  
Let not smiles betray thee,  
    Let not frowns affright.

Onward, holy champion !  
    Angels bending down,  
Watch thy brave endeavour,  
    Guard thy future crown.  
Christ, thy gracious Saviour,  
    Cheers thy striving soul,  
And thy prize awaits thee  
    At the heavenly goal.

Rev. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

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### ¶ *Heaven.*

THERE is a blessed home  
    Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
    Nor tears of sorrow flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease,  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father one,  
And Spirit, evermore.

Oh joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands and feet and side ;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe ;

Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, Bart.

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### For the Conversion of the World.

UPLIFT the blood-red banner,  
Unsheathe the Spirit's sword,  
Put on the Christian's armour—  
The armour of the Lord :  
The helmet of salvation,  
And faith's victorious shield ;  
Go forth with acclamation,  
The world your battle-field.

Every battle of the warrior,  
Who fights by land or flood,  
Is with confused noise,  
And garments rolled in blood ;  
But this shall be with burning,  
From heaven its light shall shine,  
God's Spirit overturning :  
The fire of love Divine.

Uplift the blood-red banner,  
 And shout with trumpet's sound  
 Deliverance to the captive,  
 And freedom to the bound ;  
 Earth's jubilee of glory,  
 The year of full release :  
 Oh tell the wondrous story,  
 Go forth and publish peace.

Go forth, confessors, martyrs,  
 With love and zeal unpriced,  
 And preach the blood of sprinkling,  
 And live or die for Christ.  
 For Christ claims every nation ;  
 Your banner wide unfurled,  
 Go forth, and preach salvation—  
 Salvation for the world.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

### *The Sabbath.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

How softly falls the Sabbath calm  
 O'er this dark world of guilt and grief !  
 Through bleeding hearts it pours its balm,  
 To weary souls it brings relief.

When fainting 'mid the burning waste  
    The wanderer meets the cooling rill,  
How sweet its waters to his taste,  
    What new-born hopes his bosom fill !

A while he lingers fondly there,  
    Still loath to leave a friend so true,  
Then treads once more the desert bare,  
    With eye of light, and vigour new.

'Tis thus, thou blessed Sabbath day !  
    We hail thee 'mid a vale of woe,  
How gladly would we bid thee stay,  
    How sad in soul, to see thee go !

Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D.

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### The Blessed Dead.

(CONTRIBUTED).

WEEP not for the dead who have died in the Lord,  
    Their sins and their sorrows are o'er,  
They are safe in a land by no mortal explored,  
    And are now by the throne of the Lamb they adored,  
Giving glory to Him evermore.

Repine not for those who have died in the faith—

Would you bring them to trial again,  
To the sorrows of life, to the terrors of death,  
To a curse that has power to pollute and to scathe,  
To a body of weakness and pain ?

Rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord,

No warfare can trouble them now ;  
The combat is o'er, while the conqueror's sword  
Is laid at the feet of the Prince they adored,  
And His coronet gleams on their brow.

Let us live like the dead who have died in the faith,

And we shall rejoin them above,  
In a land ever free from "the shadow of death,"  
Where the curse may not breathe, with its poisonous  
breath,  
A region of life and of love.

Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D.

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### *Gratitude.*

(CONTRIBUTED).

I THANK Thee, Father, fountain of my being,  
For marv'lous life and light,  
And all that Thou, Almighty and All-seeing,  
Bestow'st by day and night.

I thank Thee, framer of the worlds on high,  
    Of air, of earth, and sea,  
For all the beauty that enchains my eye,  
    And lifts my soul to Thee.

I thank Thee for the sweetness of the dawn,  
    And for the day's bright beams ;  
I thank Thee for the veil of evening drawn  
    Over the starlit streams.

I thank Thee for the fountains and the rills,  
    The balmy clouds and rains ;  
And for the dews that fall upon the hills,  
    And freshen all the plains.

I thank Thee for the Sun without a cloud,  
    That life and gladness brings,  
Shining on high, with power Divine endowed,  
    And healing in His wings.

I thank Thee for the beams of love and truth,  
    Sweetest that ever shone,  
For hope, that whispers of immortal youth  
    Before the heavenly throne.

I thank Thee for the glory of the cross,  
    On which Immanuel died ;  
And for the faith which braves all shame and loss  
    To knit me to His side.

I thank Thee for the gracious dew that falls  
 From heaven into my heart ;  
 And for the Holy Comforter who calls  
 My soul from sin to part.

For these and all rich blessings of Thy hand,  
 And richer of Thy Word,  
 In Jesus flowing forth at Thy command,  
 I thank, I thank Thee, Lord.

Rev. JAMES DODDS.

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### *"Jesus Only."*

"JESUS only !" In the shadow  
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,  
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,  
 He with us, and we with Him ;  
 All unseen, though ever nigh,  
 "Jesus only"—all our cry.

"Jesus only !" In the glory,  
 When the shadows all are flown,  
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,  
 Satisfied with Him alone ;  
 May we join His ransomed throng,  
 "Jesus only"—all our song !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

### Precious Blood.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me !

Precious blood that hath redeemed us,  
All the price is paid !  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole,  
Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness  
We may enter in,  
For the open fountain cleanseth  
From all sin !

Precious blood ! by this we conquer  
 In the fiercest fight ;  
 Sin and Satan overcoming  
 By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
 Ever flowing free !  
 Oh believe it, oh receive it,  
 'Tis for thee !

Precious blood, whose full atonement  
 Makes us nigh to God :  
 Precious blood, our song of glory,  
 Praise and laud !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

### The War Call.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

UP ! ye soldiers of the cross,  
 True followers of the Lamb ;  
 Counting earthly gain but loss,  
 For love of Jesu's name.

Put ye on God's armour now,  
Join your comrades in the field,  
Faith's bright helmet on your brow,  
And bearing sword and shield.

Hark ! the trumpet-blast of war,  
Your glorious Captain's call  
Sounds o'er hill and dale afar,  
The summons is to all !  
See ! the crimson flag unfurled,  
Gathering hosts around it press,  
Every nation in the world,  
To conquer and to bless.

Jesus, our Immanuel God,  
His conquering army leads  
O'er the fields by martyrs trod,  
Who wrought heroic deeds.  
Victory follows in His train,  
Bloodless conquests mark His way ;  
Satan rages, but in vain,  
His onward march to stay.

Up ! ye soldiers of the cross,  
And gird your loins for fight,  
Counting earthly joys but loss,  
For Jesus and His right.

Through the all-aton ing blood,  
For sinners upon Calvary shed,  
Earth and hell shall be subdued,  
And Jesu's victories spread.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

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### *Hymn an Out-door Serenade.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

WITH prophets, seers, and martyrs,  
We lift our voices high,  
To praise the King of Glory,  
And Jesus magnify.  
Beneath the red-cross banner,  
We march in triumph on,  
To-day we fight—to-morrow  
The victory will be won.

Come, join us, saints and sinners !  
The soldiers of the cross  
Will soon be as their Master,  
And gain shall follow loss.

Who 'list with Christ our Captain,  
And front the battle's strife,  
Shall wave the palm of victory,  
And wear the crown of life.

Upraise your hallelujahs !  
Though men may count you mad ;  
The day of Christ is dawning ;  
Like Abraham we are glad.  
The alien hosts are flying,  
And short is Satan's reign ;  
Hosannah to King Jesus,  
Repeat the joyous strain.

Come, rally round the standard,  
Put on God's armour bright ;  
Forsake the deeds of darkness,  
And walk with Christ in light.  
God's servant comes to publish  
Salvation full and free ;  
The precious blood of sprinkling,  
Which ransoms you and me.

Millions of saints in glory  
Are cleansed through Jesu's blood ;  
Up ! sinner, flee from Egypt,  
Come, cross the crimson flood.

Ho ! every one that thirsteth,  
 In sorrow do not sink ;  
 Come to the open fountain,  
 Oh come to Christ and drink.

Come and accept God's mercy,  
 Since Jesus died for all ;  
 Ring out your hallelujahs,  
 And come at Jesu's call.  
 To-day He waits to save you,  
 His arms outstretched in grace  
 Are wide enough to gather  
 The world in His embrace.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

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### *The Conflict.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

To arms, to arms, ye soldiers !  
 The trumpet-call obey ;  
 Arise from dreamy slumbers,  
 To watch, and fight, and pray.  
 'Tis not to bed or banquet,  
 Or proud parade we go ;  
 The fight of faith is fiercer  
 Than worldly warriors know.

We march not over meadows,  
But craggy cliffs and steep ;  
We cross not gentle rivers,  
But torrents wild and deep :  
We journey oft in darkness,  
We camp in deserts drear,  
Where fruits and fountains fail us,  
And threatening foes are near.

Against the powers of darkness,  
With hellish craft and rage,  
Our heavenly Captain calls us  
Incessant war to wage :  
No parley may be trusted ;  
Not till our course is run,  
May we lay down our weapons,  
And say the victory's won.

But who would be deserter  
From such a noble fight ?  
We're sure of deathless triumph,  
We battle for the right.  
Divine the Christian's armour,  
Our comrades all the saints,  
With Thee, dear Lord, for leader,  
We'll banish base complaints.

We'll bless Thee for the battle,  
 We'll glory in the strife,  
 We'll shout at call of trumpet,  
 We'll win eternal life.  
 Strong in the strength of Jesus,  
 And in His spirit brave,  
 Crowned through eternal ages,  
 We'll sing His power to save.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

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### *Christ the Healer.*

(CONTRIBUTED).

JESU ! who the sick didst heal,  
 And for mourners pity feel,  
 Hear and heed our sad appeal :  
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us !

Thou didst cure the halt and lame,  
 Thou didst succour all who came,  
 Thou didst never suppliant blame :  
 Friend of sinners, help us !

Thou didst make the deaf to hear  
Words of mercy, soft and clear ;  
Open, Lord, our sin-closed ear :  
    Mighty Healer, save us !

Sight Thou gavest to the blind,  
All who sought did mercy find ;  
Drive the darkness from our mind :  
    Son of David, help us !

Thou didst cure and Thou didst bless  
Her who touched Thee in the press ;  
Lord, we need Thy grace no less :  
    Good Physician, heal us !

Thou who didst the hungry feed,  
Still dost pity all who need ;  
We are hungry, Lord, indeed :  
    Bread of Life, sustain us !

Thou who didst the demons quell,  
Stronger than the powers of hell ;  
Let not Satan in us dwell :  
    Lord of spirits, save us !

Lepers, hideous and unclean,  
Touched by Thee, were spotless seen ;  
Lepers viler we have been :  
    Holy Saviour, cleanse us !

Child of Jairus Thou didst wake ;  
 Nain's lone mother happy make ;  
 Bethany's dark tomb didst shake :  
 Prince of Life, upraise us !

Raise us from our death of sin,  
 Ever live our hearts within,  
 Life eternal let us win :  
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us !

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

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### *“The Things which are Behind.”*

LEAVE behind earth's empty pleasure,  
 Fleeting hope and changeful love ;  
 Leave its soon corroding treasure :  
 There are better things above.

Leave, oh, leave thy fond aspirings,  
 Bid thy restless heart be still ;  
 Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,  
 Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow,  
And thine every anxious care ;  
He who only knows the morrow,  
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,  
And thy crushing load of sin,  
By thy mighty Saviour's merit,  
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee,  
Leave the shadow land behind ;  
Realms of glory lie before thee ;  
Enter in, and welcome find.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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### *Bounding in Hope.*

HOPE, Christian soul ; in every stage  
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage,  
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage :  
Abound in hope.

Hope ; though thy lot be want and woe,  
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,  
Thy Saviour's lot was such below :  
    Abound in hope.

Hope ; for to all who meekly bear  
His cross, He gives His crown to wear ;  
Abasement here is glory there :  
    Abound in hope.

Hope ; though thy dear ones round thee die,  
Behold with faith's illumined eye  
Their blissful home beyond the sky ;  
    Abound in hope.

Hope ; for upon that happy shore  
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,  
And saints shall meet to part no more :  
    Abound in hope.

Hope through the watches of the night ;  
Hope till the morrow bring the light ;  
Hope till thy faith be lost in sight :  
    Abound in hope.

Rev. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

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### The Pilgrim's Prayer.

PILGRIMS in this vale we languish,  
Still by care and grief oppress ;  
Yet heavenly hopes dispelling anguish,  
Tell us this is not our rest.

Cast, O Lord, Thy mantle o'er us,  
Place our feet upon the Rock ;  
By Thy guiding star before us,  
Gently lead us like a flock.

When temptations sore assail us,  
May we hear the Shepherd's voice,  
And when earthly comforts fail us,  
Rest in Jesus and rejoice.

Succour send us, Lord, and blessing,  
Help us in the narrow way ;  
Thus may we the truth confessing  
Reach at length the perfect day.

Day of cloudless bliss and glory,  
Ceaseless light and endless rest,  
When the hallowed Gospel story  
Wakes the anthems of the blest.

Day when fled are all oppressors,  
 Day when closed are all complaints ;  
 Day when martyrs and confessors  
 Hail their Master, King of Saints.

Gracious God, in mercy hear us,  
 Blot out all the guilty past ;  
 On the wings of faith upbear us,  
 And receive us home at last.

Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.

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### *Peace.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

GRANT us peace, our Father,  
 While we worship Thee ;  
 One in spirit, one in mind,  
 May Thy children be.  
 Thou, whose ruling goodness  
 Heaven and earth obey,  
 Bring to nought our bitter strife,  
 Take our pride away.

Grant us peace, our Saviour,  
While we cling to Thee ;  
One in life and holy work  
Let Thy members be.  
Thou, whose word almighty  
Made the water wine,  
Turn our earthly minds and wills  
All to love Divine.

Grant us peace, blest Spirit,  
While we wait for Thee ;  
None with conscience clear of sin,  
Few from sorrow free.  
Thou, whose grace inspiring  
All our good has done,  
Now with larger truth and love  
Make Thy people one.

Rev. LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

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### **Litanies to the Saviour.**

(CONTRIBUTED.)

WHEN the world is brightest,  
And our hearts are lightest,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Let Thy hand be near us !

When life's scene is shaded,  
All its bright hopes faded,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Light of heaven, be near us !

When with blessings sated,  
Or by praise elated,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Let Thy Cross be near us !

When the night of sorrow  
Makes us dread to-morrow,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Light of heaven, be near us !

When our foes surround us,  
When our sins have bound us,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Let Thy help be near us !

When our hearts are grieving  
O'er the grave bereaving,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Light of heaven, be near us.

When in sickness lying,  
Dark with fear of dying,  
Blessed Jesu, hear us !  
Light of all, be near us !

Rev. LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

### Hymn to the Saviour.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

JESUS, who teachest, wise and true,  
What man should think and man should do,  
Teach us for sacred truth to yearn,  
And grant that we may meekly learn.

Jesus, who didst for sinners die,  
And pleadest now, as Priest, on high,  
May we the saving influence share  
Of cleansing blood and priestly prayer.

Jesus, who, when Thy feet were here,  
Didst cure the sick, the mourner cheer,  
To us Thy healthful grace impart,—  
To us, the balm that heals the heart.

Jesus, who on the earth didst give  
A bright example how to live,  
May we observe, with willing mind,  
The footprints Thou hast left behind.

Jesus, who, by Thy Father's call,  
Art now exalted Lord of all,  
May we Thy kingly sceptre own,  
And bow before Thy sacred throne.

Jesus, who wilt in glory come,  
With doom for all, with crowns for some ;  
When stand before Thy bar we must,  
Ours be the sentence of the just.

Rev. ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.

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### *Divine Adoration.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

O Thou who lovest to forgive,  
Ours be the gift of pardoning grace,  
That in Thy favour we may live,  
And feel the sunshine of Thy face.

O Thou, the infinitely pure,  
Whose Spirit sanctifies the soul,  
In mercy grant us health and cure,  
And make our sin-sick spirits whole.

O Thou, the High above all height,  
To whom all power and might belong,  
Gird our weak spirits for the fight,  
And out of weakness make us strong.

O "God of hope," while here we roam,  
May we to heavenly things aspire,  
And wait for the celestial home  
With expectation and desire.

"God of all comfort," be it ours  
To find in Thee refreshment sweet ;  
And on our path may fragrant flowers  
Blossom in beauty at our feet.

Eternal God, when ruthless death  
Shall launch us on the stormy flood,  
Secure may we resign our breath  
In praises of the atoning blood.

And when at length He comes to save,  
Who died erewhile death's curse to stem,  
Oh, may we triumph o'er the grave,  
And enter New Jerusalem !

Rev. ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.

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*Holy Communion.*

BLESSED feast ! most gracious token  
Of Thy dying love, O Lord ;  
Memorial of Thy body broken,  
And Thy precious blood outpoured.

May the holy rite partaking  
Help me on my pilgrim way :  
Sin in every shape forsaking,  
Be my vow afresh to-day.

Sacred pledge, that nought can sever,  
Blessed Saviour, from Thy love ;  
Sealed to be Thy guest for ever  
At the better feast above.

Where in sweet communion blending,  
With the vast ingathered throng,  
Mine shall be a bliss unending,  
An eternal festal-song.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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### Psalm Thirty-Sifth.

LORD, when my soul her secrets doth reveal,  
All self-condemned before Thy throne I kneel,  
And own my thoughts unclean, my words untrue,  
Deeds nothing worth, eyes blind, and flattering too.

Oh, from this death who shall deliver me ?  
Oh, from this torment whither can I flee ?  
No virtue have I left, no strength within,  
Corrupt at heart, enslaved and bound in sin.

But, Lord, Thy mercy to the heavens ascends ;  
Thy faithfulness beyond the clouds extends ;  
Like the strong mountains stands Thy righteousness ;  
Deep are Thy judgments, as the vast abyss.

Thou, excellent in mercy, savest still  
Men and mute creatures with a Father's will :  
Under Thy gracious shadow, Good and Just,  
The children of mankind shall put their trust.

They from Thy house of plenty shall be fed,  
And drink joy's river from the fountain-head :  
For life's eternal well-spring is with Thee,  
And in Thy light, light only shall we see.

O Lord, to the true-hearted men of love  
Still may Thy loving-kindness constant prove :  
And save Thy servant from the foot of pride :—  
When Thy foes fall around, be Thou my guide !

LORD SELBORNE.

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### *For the Time of Sickness.*

SAVIOUR, in mine hours of pain  
Send Thy Comforter to me ;  
All my sorrow shall be gain,  
If it brings one smile from Thee ;  
In the time of sharp distress  
Let me prove Thy tenderness.

When this weary brow is worn  
By an anguish sore and keen,  
Jesus, show Thy crown of thorn,  
Teach me what Thy woe hath been ;  
O Thou sufferer divine,  
Was there any grief like Thine ?

Let Thy precious cross on high  
Show Thy sacred wounds afresh ;  
Thine was human agony,  
Thou didst suffer in the flesh :  
Saviour, when Thy pangs are shown  
Shall I not forget mine own ?

Let this restless soul grow calm  
When Thy proofs of love I see ;  
Pour Thy crimson blood as balm  
On the heart that longs for Thee :  
Lamb of God, if Thou art near,  
Even sorrow will be dear.

In Thy holy church to-day  
Let Thy blessed Spirit wait ;  
Father, hear when Christians pray  
For the sick and desolate ;  
Comfort those who cannot share  
In Thy sacred service there.

Thou canst raise an altar up,  
Even in this heart of mine ;  
There Thy grace can fill the cup  
With Thy life-restoring wine ;  
And my hungry soul is fed  
By Thine everlasting bread.

Then these hours of pain shall be  
     Hours of holiness and love ;  
     Hours of fellowship with Thee,  
     Visions of Thy bliss above ;  
     Wings wherewith my soul may rise  
     To the joys of paradise.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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### The House of God.

O God, whose angels once did bless  
     The wanderer in his lonely sleep,  
     Descending, rising, to and fro,  
     Their watch around his couch to keep,  
     Be with us now, let seraph tongues  
         Breathe forth their song of sin forgiven,  
     And tell us this is holy ground,  
     The house of God, the gate of heaven.

O Lord, whose glory once did shine  
     With mystic cloud the courts to fill,  
     Which David's son in kingly state  
     Had reared on Zion's holy hill,

Be with us now, as Priest and King,  
In clouds and darkness claim Thine own,  
Let this our temple see Thy light,  
Thou Christ upon Thy Father's throne.

O Holy Spirit, Lord of life,  
Whose voice we hear in varying tones,  
Revealing glories yet to come,  
The temple built of living stones,  
Cleanse Thou our hearts, our roughness smooth,  
And bring us daily nearer Thee,  
Within Thine own eternal house  
As polished corner-stones to be.

O Mystic Three, O Holiest One,  
Thou Lord of wisdom, light, and love,  
Give strength to do Thy work on earth,  
Give grace to sing Thy praise above.  
Let infant lips Thy glory speak,  
On youth Thy choicest blessings send ;  
Let manhood find its rest in Thee,  
And age grow riper for the end.

So on through all the circling years,  
May reverent footsteps mark the days,  
And full-toned voices offer here  
Their morning sacrifice of praise ;

So guide us through earth's toilsome paths,  
 And bid us onward, upward rise,  
 That we, when all our work is done,  
 May rest with Thee in paradise.

Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE.

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### *Blessing to the Holy Spirit.*

O HOLY SPIRIT, we entreat,  
 Send down Thy quickening fire ;  
 Let Thine own presence, dread and sweet,  
 These waiting hearts inspire.

In every thought and word and deed,  
 Breathe Thou the breath of life—  
 The fulness of the grace they need  
 For their appointed strife.

Help them to hold, in clasp of prayer,  
 The rod and staff of God ;  
 And lead them safely, surely, where  
 The Christ himself hath trod.

Give power to speak Thy message, Lord,  
To every feeble voice ;  
May they the true seed cast abroad  
Till desert wastes rejoice.

Make strong the toiling hearts and hands,  
Keep watching eyes from sleep ;  
That golden harvests crown the lands  
When angels come to reap.

ALICE CAMPBELL.

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### The Living Way.

JESUS ! we wake to see the light,  
For Thou hast kept us through the night ;  
Now may we hear Thee softly say,  
“ I am the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! we would this morning raise  
Upwards our hearts in votive praise ;  
We give ourselves anew this day  
To Thee, “the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! protect our home-ones dear,  
 Keep them and us within Thy fear ;  
 In thought nor word to go astray  
 From Thee, “the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! when mingling with the crowd,  
 Or silent, or 'mid clamours loud,  
 Be this our watchword while we pray,  
 “I am the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! help us Thy truth to keep,  
 When we are glad or when we weep ;  
 The life within, grant that it may  
 Show forth “the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! may we Thy cause commend,  
 Freely receiving, freely spend ;  
 The good attract, the base affray,  
 In Thee, “the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! from morning unto night  
 Sustain us in the paths of right ;  
 Make us to grow from day to day,  
 Like Thee, “the true and living Way.”

Jesus ! we ask our “daily bread”  
 From Thee, by whom we all are fed ;  
 For more than earthly food we pray,  
 Thyself bestow, “true, living Way.”

Rev. ALEX. B. GROSART.

### The Pilgrim's Song.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

SONG of the Pilgrim ! kindly given,  
To cheer us on our way to heaven ;  
Divinely taught, our souls delight,  
To "walk by faith, and not by sight."

When first we journeyed to the Cross,  
And counted all our gain but loss,  
We then resolved, 'neath Calvary's height,  
To "walk by faith, and not by sight."

Laden with sin, weighed down, oppressed,  
"Weary," we sought the promised "rest :"  
No longer need our fears affright—  
We "walk by faith, and not by sight."

Bereaved, afflicted, sorrow's cloud  
May threaten, and our hearts be bowed :  
One thought illumes the darkest night—  
We "walk by faith, and not by sight."

Our Father's grace—the Saviour's love—  
Our present peace—our home above ;  
Enabled through the Spirit's might,  
We "walk by faith, and not by sight."

Raise, weary one, those tear-blind eyes  
 From earth to heaven, beyond the skies :  
 There, in the realms of changeless light,  
 Hope shall possess, and faith be sight.

Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

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### *A Sinner and his Saviour.*

OH ! who are these, too long apart,  
 When once they've found each other's heart,  
 Would never from the other part ?

A sinner and his Saviour.

A sinner I ; but who art Thou,  
 With many crowns upon Thy brow ?  
 I see the thorn among them, now  
 I know Thee for my Saviour.

Long, long I tracked Thy steps ; I heard  
 Thy voice in many a gracious word ;  
 I listened till my heart was stirred  
 To seek Thee for my Saviour.

I sought Thee, seeking high and low ;  
I found Thee not ; I did not know  
I was a sinner ; even so  
I missed Thee for my Saviour.

I saw Thee sweetly condescend  
Of humble men to be the friend ;  
I chose Thee for my way—my end,  
But found not yet my Saviour.

Until upon the cross I saw  
My God, who died to meet the law  
That man had broken ; then I saw  
My sin, and then my Saviour.

What seek I longer ? let me be  
A sinner all my days to Thee ;  
Yet more and more—and Thou to me,  
Yet more and more my Saviour.

A sinner all my earthly days,  
A sinner who believes and prays,  
A sinner all his evil ways  
Who leaves for his dear Saviour.

Who leaves his evil ways, yet leaves  
Not Him to whom his spirit cleaves  
More close, that he so often grieves  
The soul of his dear Saviour.

Be Thou to me my Lord, my guide,  
My friend, yea, everything beside ;  
But first, last, best, whate'er betide,  
    Be Thou to me my Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

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### *Hymn to the Holy Spirit.*

COME, Holy Dove,  
Descend on silent pinion,  
Brood o'er my sinful soul with patient love,  
Till all my being owns Thy mild dominion.

Round yon sad tree,  
With frequent circles hover,  
That in my glorious Surety I may see  
Grace to redeem and righteousness to cover.

On wings of peace  
Bring from that precious altar  
The blood which bids the storms of conscience cease,  
*And blots out all the debt of the defaulter.*

Spirit of grace,  
Reveal in me my Saviour,  
That I may gaze upon His mirrored face,  
Till I reflect it in my whole behaviour.

Oh, let me hear  
Thy soft, low voice controlling  
My devious steps with intimations clear,  
With comforts manifold my heart consoling.

Let that sweet sound  
To holy deeds allure me,  
With heavenly echoes make my spirit bound,  
And of my home in paradise assure me.

Come, Holy Dove,  
Guide me to yon bright portal,  
When I shall see the Saviour whom I love,  
And enter on the joys which are immortal.

Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

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### Hymn of Praise.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

GOD of my life, whose guardian care  
Has sheltered me in all my ways,  
Nor ceases yet my life to spare,  
I give Thee thanks and praise.

Maker of earth, and seas, and skies,  
For scenes Thy workmanship displays,  
And power to look with open eyes,  
I give Thee thanks and praise.

“Father of mercies,” for the friends  
Whose love still cheers my darkest days,  
And sunshine to my spirit sends,  
I give Thee thanks and praise.

“Father of lights,” whose heavenly truth,  
That sheds on earth its quickening rays,  
Has met my eyes from earliest youth,  
I give Thee thanks and praise.

Great God, for trials that have shown  
How meet, renouncing earthly stays,  
To seek Thy face, Thy power to own,  
I give Thee thanks and praise.

O God of grace, if grace was given  
From death to life my soul to raise,  
Let it be mine, in earth and heaven,  
To give Thee thanks and praise.

Rev. ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.

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**Morning Prayer.**

WHEN the quiet morning breaketh,  
And thy soul from sleep awaketh,  
Rise, and kneeling, humbly pray  
For a blessing through the day.

Thank thy God for peaceful rest  
Which thy sleeping hours has blessed ;  
Thank Him if thou rise again  
Free from weariness or pain.

Pray that He thy steps will guide  
Lest thou wander from His side,  
That when evening hours shall come  
He may find thee nearer home.

Pray that He His strength will give—  
Strength to help thee so to live,  
That thou may'st His glory show  
Through thy weakness here below :

Strength to fight against the sin  
And the tempter's power within :  
Strength to conquer in the strife  
And to live a holy life.

Ask for patience from above,  
 Grace to fill thy heart with love ;  
 So 'midst daily care to find  
 Thou canst keep a quiet mind.

God will all thy need supply,  
 He will hear the earnest cry,  
 Each petition thou dost make,  
 If thou ask for Jesus' sake.

JULIA SQUIRE.

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### *The Love of Jesus.*

JESUS, to Thy table led,  
 Now let every heart be fed  
 With the true and living bread.

While in penitence we kneel,  
 Thy sweet presence let us feel,  
 All Thy wondrous love reveal !

While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
 Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
 Turn our sadness into praise !

When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love Divine !

Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;  
There our sins and sorrows hide !

From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace !

Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

Rev. ROBERT HALL BAYNES, M.A.

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### *"Come and See."*

MASTER, where abidest Thou ?  
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;  
For the wants which press us now  
Other aid is all too weak.

Canst Thou take our sins away?  
May we find repose in Thee?  
And the gracious lips to-day,  
As of old, say, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?  
We would leave the past behind;  
We would scale the mountain's brow,  
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.  
Still a look is all our lore!  
The transforming look to Thee;  
From the living Truth once more  
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?  
How shall we Thine image best  
Bear in light upon our brow,  
Stamp in love upon our breast?  
Still a look is all our might;  
Looking draws the heart to Thee;  
Sends us from the absorbing sight,  
With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?  
All the springs of life are low;  
Sin and grief our spirits bow,  
And we wait Thy call to go.

From the depths of happy rest,  
Where the just abide with Thee ;  
From the voice which makes them blest,  
Breathes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian ! tell it to thy brother,  
From life's dawning till its end ;  
Every hand may clasp another,  
And the loneliest bring a friend ;  
Till the veil is drawn aside,  
And from where her home shall be  
Bursts upon the enfranchised bride,  
The triumphant "Come and see."

Mrs E. R. CHARLES.

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### Sunday Morning Hymn.

O THOU, who hast a temple-shrine  
In every lowly contrite soul,  
Kindle this heart and lip of mine  
As with a living altar-coal !

No costly rites I need prepare,  
No rich oblations need I bring ;  
The spirit meek—the fervent prayer  
Are Thine accepted offering.

Come, blessed Saviour, from above,  
 Thy faithful promises fulfil ;  
 Speak as of old Thy words of love,  
 And breathe Thy sacred “ Peace, be still.

Let no distracting cares this day  
 From holier themes my thoughts beguile,  
 As now Thy summons I obey,  
 “ Turn ye aside and rest awhile.”

On this great weekly Easter morn  
 Faith leads me to Thy hallowed grave,  
 To hear the blessed tidings borne  
 Which white-robed angel watchers gave :

“ Why seek the living 'mong the dead ?  
 The buried Victor is not here ;  
 He has arisen as He said ;  
 Come, see His vacant sepulchre.”

“ The Lord is risen ! ” a captive world  
 Has now its iron chains unbound ;  
 Sin from its despot throne is hurled ;  
 Satan is vanquished—death uncrowned.

Let cherubim and seraphim,  
 Let all the ransomed hosts on high,  
 Awake their loudest songs to Him  
 Who captive led captivity.

The blessings, Lord, be mine to share,  
Thy resurrection morn has given ;  
And make to-day Thy house of prayer  
None other than the gate of heaven.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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### Benedicite.

ANGELS holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord !  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Sun and moon bright,  
Night and moonlight,  
Starry temples azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,  
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,  
Tell His glory ;  
Cliffs where trembling seas have roared,  
Pulse of waters blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rock and high land,  
 Wood and island;  
 Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,  
 Mighty mountains purple-breasted,  
 Peaks cloud-heaving, snowy-crested,  
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rolling river,  
 Praise Him ever,  
 From the mountain's deep vein poured  
 Silver fountain clearly gushing,  
 Troubled torrent madly rushing,  
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Bond and free man,  
 Land and sea man,  
 Earth with peoples widely stored,  
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
 Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Praise Him ever,  
 Bounteous Giver !  
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord  
 Each glad soul its free course winging,  
 Each blithe voice its free song singing,  
 Praise the great and mighty Lord !

Professor J. S. BLACK

### The Day of Death.

THOU inevitable day,  
When a voice to me shall say,  
“Thou must rise and come away;

“All thine other journeys past,  
Gird thee, and make ready fast  
For thy longest and thy last.”

Day, deep-hidden from our sight  
In impenetrable night,  
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?  
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,  
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before  
Thou art standing at the door,  
Saying light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,  
As shall leave me largest space  
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head  
On some loved lap? round my bed  
Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,  
Name and kin alike unknown,  
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,  
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,  
From which parting it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,  
And all loved things gone before  
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,  
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,  
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain  
To get free, with toil and pain,  
From its half-divided chain?

Little skills it when or how,  
If thou comest then or now,  
With a smooth or angry brow.

Come thou must, and we must die :  
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by  
When that last sleep seals our eye.

Archbishop TRENCH, D.D.

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### A Vision of Life.

I SAW again, behold heaven's open door !  
Behold a throne, the seraphim stood o'er it ;  
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,  
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book—an angel strong  
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals ;  
But a hush passed across the seraph's song,  
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain, to death-cry of the year,  
Tears of St John to that sad cry were given ;  
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear  
Fall on the floor of heaven.

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not ; wherefore fails,  
Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal ?  
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails,  
To loose the sevenfold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice, and straightway up above,  
    Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-wh  
Heart-wounded with the deep sweet wound of lov  
    Eternal, infinite.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before ;  
    Then from the white-robed throng, high ant  
        woke ;  
And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore  
    The alleluias broke.

Who dreams of God, when passionate youth is hi  
    When first life's weary waste his feet have trod  
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,  
    Working the works of God,—

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose ;  
    Through the dark woof of death's approaching ni  
His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,  
    Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set ;  
    His Saviour shall receive his latest breath ;  
He walketh to a fadeless coronet  
    Up through the gate of death.

Bishop WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.

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**Lord Jesus, Breathe on me.**

THE breath from Thy dear mouth,  
Thy Spirit sweet and free,  
Is fragrant as the genial south ;  
Lord Jesus, breathe on me.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall feel  
Thy peace within my breast,  
A balmy gale will o'er me steal  
From Paradise the blest.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall see  
Thy wounded hands and side ;  
The veil which hid Thy face from me  
Shall suddenly divide.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall hear  
The whisper of Thy voice,  
Putting to flight my guilty fear,  
And bidding me rejoice.

Breathe, Lord, and power will thrill  
This faltering mortal frame,  
And clothe me with the steadfast will  
To magnify Thy name.

Breathe, Lord, upon me now :  
 Thy Spirit comes and goes  
 Like wind upon the fluttering bough ;  
 Its method no man knows.

But whence it comes I know—  
 From that dear mouth of Thine :  
 Oh, hither, hither may it blow  
 On this poor heart of mine.

The gift is promised, Lord ;  
 'Tis pledged as well as free ;  
 I hang upon Thy faithful Word ;  
 Lord Jesus, breathe on me !

REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

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### *The Kingship of Christ.*

KING of kings and Lord of lords !  
 Listen, nations, to His words ;  
 Empires fall and realms decay,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away :  
 But while time its changes brings,  
 Christ, unchanged, is King of kings.

Once rejected and despised,  
Once blasphemed and sacrificed,  
Low He lay among the dead ;  
Now the crown is on His head,  
And the host of heaven accords  
Praise to Him, the Lord of lords.

Powers, dominions, royal thrones,  
All of earth's high mighty ones,  
Bow before the Christ of God :  
Wars and tumults are His rod,  
Fears and snares on you He brings  
Till ye know Him King of kings.

But, ye feeble folk, rejoice,  
Hearken, 'tis your Shepherd's voice ;  
Christ your friend now rules on high,  
Christ, that died on Calvary ;  
Sing ye, as the angel sings,  
Christ the Lord is King of kings.

Let each nation, tongue, and tribe,  
Glory unto Him ascribe,  
Bend the knee, and raise the psalm,  
Worshipping the bleeding Lamb ;  
Free and glorious let them sing,  
Christ is Lord, and He is King.

Rev. WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, D.D.

*The Gospel Fountain.*

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,  
At Sychar's lonely well,  
When a poor outcast heard Thee there  
Thy great salvation tell.

There Jacob's erring daughter found  
Those streams unknown before,  
The water brooks of life that make  
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,  
Thy gracious lips have told  
That mystery of love revealed  
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee,  
Beside the springing well  
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there  
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world we dream no more  
Of earthly pleasures now ;  
Our deep, divine, unfailing Spring  
Of grace and glory Thou.

No hope of rest in aught beside,  
No beauty, Lord, we see ;  
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek  
And find our all in Thee.

Sir EDWARD DENNY, Bart.

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### Holiness.

O LORD, I bear an aching heart ;  
Ease me of sin, whate'er the smart :  
Within, without, I would be pure ;  
Lord, hear my cry ! Lord, work my cure.  
I know not all I ask in this,  
But give, oh give me holiness.

Wild is the tumult in my breast :  
Oh ! how I long for Thy deep rest !  
Behind thick clouds is hid Thy face :  
Thyself reveal, and give me peace.

I know not all I need to this,  
But give, oh give me holiness.

O Lord ! to dust my faint soul cleaves :  
 Rich is Thy sowing, few my sheaves.  
 I own Thy bounteous gifts, but mourn.  
 My scanty and perverse return.

I know not all I say in this,  
 But give, oh give me holiness.

O Lord ! accept my stammering prayer ;  
 Work in me, by what means soe'er,  
 The change I need : to sin I'd die,  
 That I may live with Thee on high.

I know not all I beg in this,  
 But give, oh give me holiness.

Break every earthly tie that binds,  
 Disperse each 'wildering mist that blinds ;  
 Search me, and try, and clean remove  
 Whatever shares with Thee my love.

I know not all I ask in this,  
 But give, oh give me holiness.

O Lord ! I bear a weary heart ;  
 All pierced with sin's empoisoned dart :  
 Thou Good Physician, work my cure—  
 Me purify as Thou art pure.

I know not all I ask in this,  
 But give, oh give me holiness.

Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

### Sunday Evening Hymn.

Now that our holy day is done,  
Our day so blest and bright,  
Lord, for the sake of Thy dear Son,  
Vouchsafe us rest to-night.

Put thoughts of worldly strife aside,  
Let love and faith increase ;  
Grant us, on this calm eventide,  
Thine own best gift of peace.

Faint echoes of our sacred songs  
Shall haunt each weary brain,  
Even in sleep the heart prolongs  
Our holy Sabbath strain.

And in our busy waking hours,  
O Father, still we pray,  
Let music from immortal bowers  
Lighten the toils of day.

Send down through all the jars of time  
Some undertone of love,  
A message from Thy sinless clime  
Of perfect bliss above.

Such songs shall help us to endure  
The world's discordant strife,  
And keep our spirits calm and pure  
Amid the cares of life.

Until this earthly conflict cease,  
Lord, let us faithful be ;  
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace  
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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### *Home Missions.*

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !  
Gird you with your armour bright ;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky ;  
Let it float there, wide, unfurled ;  
Bear it onward, lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease,  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,  
Comfort troubles, banish grief;  
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled ;  
Bear it bravely still abroad ;  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

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### **Christian Perseverance.**

COME, labour on !  
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain  
While all around him waves the golden grain?  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
“ Go, work to-day ! ”

Come, labour on !  
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,  
To young and old the Gospel gladness bear :  
Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,  
The night draweth nigh.

Come, labour on !  
The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;  
From voices distant far or near at home  
The call is “ Come.”

Come, labour on !  
The enemy is watching night and day,  
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
He slumbered not.

Come, labour on !  
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !  
No arm so weak but may do service here ;  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
His righteous will.

Come, labour on !  
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—  
“ Servants, well done.”

Come, labour on !  
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
O Lord, with Thee !

H. L. L.

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### Homeward Bound.

THE home of the pilgrim, the home of his love,  
And the end of his journey is heaven above.  
Far away from his bondage beyond the bright sea,  
And across the waste desert is Canaan the free.

Home, home ! sweet home !  
In the strength of Jehovah, we're journeying home.

With promise and precept, and line upon line,  
Cheered on by His Word and instruction Divine ;  
From darkness departing, we enter the way  
That leads us to Jesus and permanent day.

Home, home ! sweet home ! etc.

Sustained by His strength, and supplied by His hand,  
'Neath the cloud of His presence, we march or we  
stand,

We hunger, and manna is sent as our food ;  
We thirst, and the rock-spring sends forward its flood.

Home, home ! sweet home ! etc.

Around are the nations and enemies strong ;  
But God is our fortress, our strength, and our song ;  
Though the altar has crumbled, and incense has  
ceased,

True worship still rises through Jesus our Priest.

Home, home ! sweet home ! etc.

While the way is but short, and the land is in view,  
And the promise is steadfast, and holy, and true—  
What hinders our progress ;—why have we not come  
To the land of our Father, the land of our home ?

Home, home ! sweet home ! etc.

Begone unbelief, and let faithfulness prove  
Our love and affection to Jesus above ;  
Then through the desert to yonder abode—  
To the rest that remains for the people of God :  
    Home, home ! sweet home !  
Across the cold Jordan is heaven our home.

Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

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### Hymn of Praise.

LORD of power, Lord of might,  
God and Father of us all,  
Lord of day and Lord of night,  
    Listen to our solemn call ;  
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise  
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light, and love, and life, are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good ;  
Fill our souls with light Divine ;  
    Give us, with our daily food,  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts,  
 Love undying for Thy name ;  
 Bid us, ere the day departs,  
 Spread afar our Maker's fame.  
 Young and old together bless ;  
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years, and full of peace,  
 May on earth our life be blest ;  
 When our trials here shall cease,  
 And at last we sink to rest,  
 Fountain of eternal love,  
 Call us to our home above.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, M.A.

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"It is I; be not afraid."

TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
 Above the tempest soft and clear,  
 What still small accents greet mine ear?—  
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I who wash thy spirit white;  
 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight ;  
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :  
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;  
That storm has all been spent on me :  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first ;  
To thee it is no draught accurst ;  
The hand that gives it thee is pierced :  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed ;  
My arms are underneath thy head ;  
My blessing is around thee shed :  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid.

When on the other side, thy feet  
Shall rest,—'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet—  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid.

From out the dazzling majesty,  
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,  
Saying, Belovèd, lovest thou me ?  
'Twas not in vain I died for thee :  
    'Tis I ; be not afraid.

Mrs E. R. CHARLES.

*Sabbath Evening.*

ANOTHER Sabbath sun is down,  
Grey twilight creeps o'er thorpe and town ;  
How much of sorrow, unconfessed,  
Lies hidden in yon darkening west !

What burdens, uncomplaining borne !  
What masks o'er latent anguish worn !  
What pangs of heart-break, plots of sin,  
Have this night's shadows folded in !

We woke to-day with anthems sweet  
To sing before the mercy-seat,  
And ere the darkness round us fell,  
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from hearts sincere,  
Each upward glance of filial fear,  
Each litany, devoutly prayed,  
Each gift upon Thine altar laid,

Each tear regretful of the past,  
Each longing o'er the future cast,  
Each brave resolve, each spoken vow,—  
Jesus, our Lord, accept them now.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes  
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice ;  
Aught of presumption over bold,  
The dross we vainly bought for gold ;

If we have knelt at alien shrine,  
Or insincerely bowed at Thine,  
Or barely offered " blind and lame,"  
Or blushed beneath unholy shame ;

Or craven prophets turned to flee,  
When duty bade us speak for Thee,—  
'Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,  
Jesus, our Lord, forgive us now.

Oh let each following Sabbath yield  
For our loved work an ample field,  
A studious hatred of the wrong,  
A stronger purpose to grow strong.

And teach us erring souls to win,  
And hide their " multitude of sin,"  
To tread in Christ's long suffering way,  
And grow more like Him day by day.

So as our Sabbaths hasten past,  
And rounding years bring nigh the last ;  
When sinks the sun behind the hill,  
When all the " weary wheels " stand still ;

When by our bed the loved ones weep,  
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,  
And vain is help or hope from men,  
Jesus, our Lord, receive us then.

Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.

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### *Lead, Kindly Light.*

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on ;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
    Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see  
    The distant scene : one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path : but now,  
    Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone :  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

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### **R**est in the **L**ord.

(MARRIAGE HYMN.)

REST in the Lord, from harps above  
    The music seems to thrill,  
Rest in His everlasting love,  
    Rest and be still.

Rest thou who claimest for thine own,  
    Thy chosen bride to-day,  
Affianced in His faith alone,  
    Thy bride for aye.

And thou whose hand is given,  
    Avouching him thy spouse,  
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven  
    His children's vows.

Rest ye who cluster round them both,  
 To mingle praise and prayers ;  
 Your God affirms the plighted troth,  
 Your God and theirs.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here  
 Is standing by your side,  
 And in this union draws more near  
 His mystic bride.

Rest in the Lord, thrice Holy Dove,  
 In us Thy word fulfil,  
 Rest in His everlasting love,  
 Rest and be still.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A.

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### *A Little While.*

A FEW more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
 Asleep within the tomb.

A few more suns shall set  
 O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not,  
 A far serener clime.

A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

'Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign.

Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day ;  
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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*The Gospel Mountain.*

Ho! all ye that thirst,  
Come drink of the tide,  
The life-streams that burst  
From Calvary's side ;  
Come, buy without money,  
Or merit of thine,  
The soul-filling honey,  
The milk and the wine !

To lepers unclean,  
Infected all o'er,  
Whom Satan and sin  
Have stung to the core,  
There's virtue in Jesus,  
A balm in His blood,  
To heal your diseases  
And bring you to God.

Arise and make haste,  
Your home is on high ;  
This world is a waste,  
Its fountains are dry.  
Why seek ye its pleasures,  
For life 'mong the dead ?  
Why spend ye your treasures  
For what is not bread ?

Why labour in vain  
For sin to atone?  
No peace can ye gain  
By worth of your own.  
Christ's worth never faileth,  
Then come at His call;  
This ransom availeth  
For thee and for all.

Rev. JOHN GUTHRIE, D.D.

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### The Second Advent.

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all,  
For, awful though Thine advent be,  
All shadows from the truth will fall,  
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.  
O quickly come : for doubt and fear  
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all ;  
Reign all around us, and within,  
Let sin no more our souls enthral,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.  
O quickly come : for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all,  
 For death is mighty all around ;  
 On every home his shadows fall,  
 On every heart his mark is found.  
 O quickly come : for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
 And weakly souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day.  
 O quickly come : for round Thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

Rev. LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

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### *The Second Advent.*

CHRIST is coming ! Let creation  
 Bid her groans and travail cease ;  
 Let the glorious proclamation  
 Hope restore, and faith increase—  
 Christ is coming !  
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory,  
When Thou comest back to reign—  
Christ is coming !  
Let each heart repeat the strain !

Long Thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;  
But, in heavenly vestures shining,  
Soon they shall Thy glory see !  
Christ is coming !  
Haste the joyous jubilee !

**Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.**

*Hymn of Counsel.*

LIFE, and light, and joy are found  
In the presence of the Lord,—  
Life with richest blessings crowned,  
Light from many fountains poured ;  
Life and light, and holy joy,  
None can darken or destroy.

Bring to Him life's brightest hours,  
He will make them still more bright ;  
Give to Him your noblest powers,  
He will hallow all your might ;  
Come to Him with eager quest,  
You shall hear His high behest.

All your questions large and deep,  
All the open thoughts of youth,  
Bring to Him, and you shall reap  
All the harvest of His truth.  
You shall find in that great store  
Largest love and wisest lore.

Then, when comes life's wider sphere  
And its busier enterprise,  
You shall find Him ever near,  
Looking with approving eyes  
On all honest work and true  
His dear servants' hands can do.

And if care shall dim your eye,  
And life's shadows come apace,  
You shall find Him ever nigh  
In the glory of His grace—  
Changing sorrow's darkest night  
Into morning clear and bright.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE.

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### Rest.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

REST ! Christian warrior, rest !  
The fight was hard and long,  
And thou wast weak and oft distressed,  
And had to meet the strong  
With fears and foes within thy breast :  
'Tis o'er, now take thy rest !

Rest ! weary pilgrim, rest !  
The way which thou hast trod  
Was oft by weariness oppressed,  
Yet led thee home to God :  
Now on the plains in glory dressed,  
Pilgrim ! sleep on and rest.

Rest ! parted Christian, rest !  
 For thou didst suffer loss  
 Of every good that cheers the breast,  
 To bear thy Master's cross :  
 Now in the mansions of the blest,  
 Rest ! with thy Saviour, rest !

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

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### *The Harvest Field.*

GLORY to Him who bids the field  
 Its blessing to our toil to yield,  
 Who giveth much, who giveth more,  
 Till store and basket runneth o'er ;  
 Thus e'er the golden skies grow dim,  
 Come let us sing our harvest hymn.

His finger on the land doth lay,  
 Its beauty stretching far away ;  
 His breath doth fill the opal skies  
 With grandeur dread to mortal eyes ;  
 He gives man harvest from the wild,  
 And drops the daisies for the child.

But oh, how shall we dare draw near?  
Such power is veiled in mists of fear;  
What can we be to One who fills  
The awful silence of the hills;  
Who knows the secrets of the sea,  
The wild beasts in the forest free?

But, Lord, we know Thee otherwise,  
A slighted Man, with loving eyes,  
Toiling along with weary feet,  
Such paths as these among the wheat,  
Come from the light of heaven's throne,  
To call no home on earth Thine own.

O Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil  
To the poor measure of our toil;  
For our few grey dank sowing days,  
The glow of August's evening blaze;  
And what we give Thee for the pain,  
With which Thou sowed immortal grain?

Nothing—for all we have is Thine,  
Who need'st not corn, nor oil, nor wine;  
Nothing—unless Thou make us meet  
To follow Thee through tares and wheat,  
And from the storm of wrath and sin  
To bring Thy living harvest in.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

**Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains.**

PRAISE ye the Lord !

Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,  
Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,  
Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace;  
But here in the bl<sup>ue</sup> sky's luminous face,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Not where the organ's melodious wave  
Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave ;  
But here with the free wind's wandering sweep,  
Here with the billow that booms from the deep,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Not where the pale-faced multitudes meet,  
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged street ;  
But here where bright ocean, thick sown with gree  
  isles,

Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Here where the strength of the old granite Ben  
Towers o'er the green-swarded grace of the glen ;  
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad on the hill,  
And the bee o'er the heather-bloom wanders at will,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair daughter,  
Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming water,  
Leaping and tossing and swirling for ever,  
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Not where the voice of a preacher instructs you,  
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts you ;  
But where the bright welkin in scripture of glory,  
Blazons creation's miraculous story,

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

The wind and the welkin, the sun and the river,  
Weaving a tissue of wonders for ever ;  
The mead and the mountain, the flower and the tree,  
What is their pomp but a vision of Thee,

Wonderful Lord !

Praise ye the Lord !

Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,  
 Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle ;  
 But where the vast world, with age never hoary,  
 Flashes His brightness and thunders His glory,

Praise ye the Lord !

Professor J. S. BLACKIE.

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### *For the Opening of a School.*

O LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing,  
 Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,  
 In doubt and darkness dimly guessing  
 We might Thy glory half have shown ;  
 But Thou in Christ hast made us Thine,  
 And on us all our beauties shine.

Illumine all, disciples, teachers,  
 Thy law's deep wonders to unfold ;  
 With rev'rent hand let wisdom's preachers  
 Bring forth their treasures new and old ;  
 Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee  
 Of truth and love the boundless sea.

Let faith still light the lamp of science,  
And knowledge pass from truth to truth,  
And wisdom in its full reliance  
Renew the primal awe of youth :  
So holier, wiser, may we grow  
As time's swift currents onward flow.

Grant us, O Lord, in patience gleaning,  
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store ;  
Reveal to us each secret meaning  
Of all Thy Word's divinest lore ;  
When round us mists of evening rise,  
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.

Bind Thou our life in fullest union  
With all Thy saints from sin set free ;  
Uphold us in that blest communion  
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee.  
Keep Thou our souls, or here or there,  
In mightiest love that casts out fear.

Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.

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**Harvest Hymn.**

GREAT God of the harvest,  
Now waving around,  
Who the year with Thy bounty  
Hast graciously crowned,  
Oh, make the glad season  
More joyous to me,  
By the message of grace  
Having brought me to Thee !

On the Great Day of Judgment,  
When sentence is passed,  
When the bundle of tares  
In the fire shall be cast ;  
The wheat in the garner  
Of glory is stored,  
Rejoicing for ever  
In the bliss of the Lord.

No sheaf shall be missing,  
Nor lost be one grain,  
In that harvest of glory  
When Christ comes again.  
We now may be reaping  
In sorrow and tears,  
But cease shall our weeping  
When Jesus appears.

Great Lord of the harvest,  
Now reigning above !  
Oh, gather more sheaves  
To the home of Thy love.  
Ten thousand already  
Have been reaped at Thy call,  
And still there is room  
In Thy garners for all.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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### School Discipline.

I SAT in the school of sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there ;  
But my eyes were dim with weeping,  
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upwards,  
And seeing the face Divine,  
So full of the tenderest pity  
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay,  
So hard and heavy to carry,  
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, "Thy will be done,"  
And the Master came not near me  
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my heavy sorrow  
I looked from the cross above,  
And I saw the Master watching  
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard Him say :  
"My child, thou must bear thy burden  
And learn thy task to-day."

"I may not tell the reason,  
'Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow,  
One look at that face Divine  
Had given me power to trust Him,  
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And then I learned my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone ;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness  
Straight from the home above,  
Where the school-life will be ended,  
And the cross will show the love.

Mrs E. A. GODWIN.

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### *Prayer of the Christian Household.*

SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing ;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be—  
Body, soul, and spirit—  
All we yield to Thee.

Farther ever farther  
From Thy wounded side,  
Heedlessly we wandered,  
Wandered far and wide ;  
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,  
Seeking young and old,  
Lovingly to bear them,  
Saviour, to Thy fold.

### *HARP OF THE*

Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration,  
Bending low the knee.  
Thou for our redemption,  
Cam'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,  
Are Thy mercies here.  
True, and everlasting,  
Are the glories there ;  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known ;  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

Dark, and ever darker,  
Was the wintry past,  
Now a ray of gladness  
O'er our path is cast ;  
Every day that passeth,  
Every hour that flies,  
Tells of love unfeignèd,  
Love that never dies.

Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven ;  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within ;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glows the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done.  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past ;  
May we, Blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking,  
Till the prize is won.

And glory-crowned in that abode celestial,  
She waits the coming years,  
When we poor dwellers in this home terrestrial  
Shall dry our tears.

And though a season we may pause and falter,  
And look for her in vain,  
We have the assurance that beside the altar  
We meet again.

And if so be that from His love and story  
We turn away in pride,  
The vision of the angel now in glory  
Be at our side ;

And we shall learn, though now on high ascended,  
That she in love was sent,  
That we might follow, when the day is ended,  
The way she went.

MATTHIAS BARR.

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*Light in Shadow.*

WHEN do God's rubies shine  
With beauty more divine,  
Than in the darkness of earth's deepest mine?  
And when is the clear light  
Of all His stars more bright,  
Than on a dark and frosty winter's night?  
So often in our hours of deepest sadness,  
He fills our darkened hearts with holy gladness.

When do God's lilies pale,  
More fragrantly exhale,  
Than when the leaves are trembling in the gale?  
And when His violet,  
But when its leaves are wet  
With the large thunder-drops that hang on it?  
So often His sweet promise doth supply us  
With comfort most when stormy troubles try us.

He often doth dispense  
His choicest influence,  
There most when all things else annoy the sense:  
When from the pallid cheek  
Fades the last lingering streak;  
When eyes are dim and voice is low and weak;  
Then often, in that night of darkest sorrow,  
He brings bright visions of heaven's golden morrow.

Oh may we all be brought  
To love Him as we ought,  
And serve Him with true act and holy thought ;  
That we in death's dark night,  
May have the deep delight  
Of His great love, in whom alone is light,  
Without one shade, in whom there dwelleth ever,  
Unfailing peace and joy that fadeth never.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE.

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### Alone with God.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee :  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born :  
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning  
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,  
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

Mrs H. B. STOWE.

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**Hymn of Supplication.**

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,  
    To Thy goodness flee ;  
When the heavy laden cast  
    All their load on Thee ;  
When the troubled, seeking peace,  
    On Thy name shall call ;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
    At Thy feet shall fall :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,  
    Lifts his soul above ;  
When the prodigal looks back  
    To his Father's love ;  
When the proud man, in his pride,  
    Stoops to seek Thy face ;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
    To Thy throne of grace :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,  
    All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
    And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
    Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
    Lifts his heart to Thee:  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care  
    In the city crowd:  
When the shepherd on the moor  
    Names the name of God:  
When the learnèd and the high,  
    Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
    Name the blessed name:  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,  
    Youth, or maiden fair:  
When the aged, weak and grey,  
    Seek Thy face in prayer;

When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad, and lone, and low;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,  
Heaves her heavy groan :  
When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
Breathe their bitter moan :  
When Thy waiting, weeping Church,  
Looking for a home,  
Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
Come, Lord Jesus, come !  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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*Easter.*

HALLELUJAH ! raise the song,  
 " Jesus Christ has risen ;"  
 Let the Church the note prolong,  
 " Jesus Christ has risen ! "  
 Her living and triumphant Head,  
 Captivity has captive led,  
 And every foe has vanquishèd,  
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! let the cry  
 " Jesus Christ has risen,"  
 Wake each harpstring of the sky,  
 " Jesus Christ has risen ! "  
 The sealèd stone is rolled away,  
 Death and the grave have lost their prey,  
 For Jesus Christ is risen to-day,  
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! dry the tear,  
 " Jesus Christ has risen ;"  
 Sound o'er every silent bier—  
 " Jesus Christ has risen ! "  
 Thrice blessèd pledge, ye mourners keep,  
 Who for your loved and lost ones weep;  
 Because He lives, they only sleep ;  
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah—let the sound,  
“Jesus Christ has risen,”  
Circulate the world around,  
“Jesus Christ has risen !”  
Soon may the earth’s great Easter be,  
When her now bondaged children free,  
Exultant Lord, shall reign with Thee,  
                                  Hallelujah !

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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### *Prayer for a Young Pastor.*

POUR now, O Lord, all gifts of grace  
From Thy most holy dwelling-place ;  
And let the living flame be shed  
On Thy disciple’s bended head.

Light up his soul with light Divine—  
A star of heaven on earth to shine !  
A beacon on life’s stormy sea,  
To guide the wandering bark to Thee !

### *HARP OF THE*

Lord, clothe him now in white complete—  
In Thine own Spirit, pure and sweet ;  
Let him go forth to labour well,  
In truth and strength invincible.

May his calm lips, that whisper now  
The yearning prayer, the solemn vow,  
Be ready, in the judgment day,  
The faithful servant's words to say—

“ Lord, I *have* tried in faithful strife,  
To win Thy lambs to light and life !  
Lord, I have truly kept for Thee  
The awful charge Thou gavest me ! ”

ALICE CAMPBELL.

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### *The Prince of Peace.*

HARK, hark ! the advent cry again,  
The angels sing His birth,  
“ Glory to God, goodwill to men,  
And peace on earth.”

He comes ; and eager listeners throng  
The lowly path He trod ;  
For peace is ever on His tongue—  
The peace of God.

See, His frail bark the waters fill ;  
Yet why that faithless dread ?  
Before His mighty “ Peace, be still,”  
The storm is fled.

A weeping sinner dares to touch  
And bathe His feet with tears ;  
And “ Go in peace ; thou lovest much,”  
Is all she hears.

His hour is come ; sad bosoms heave  
With bodings unexpressed ;  
Peace—grief itself forgets to grieve  
At His bequest.

O never, never, gentle Dove,  
Let Thy soft pleadings cease,  
Until we bask in light and love  
And perfect peace.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A.

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**Hymn for the Home.**

BEAUTIFUL home, so fair, so bright,  
 Centre of joy, and soul's delight,  
 Circle of friends and friendships sweet ;  
 Home, with its soft and calm retreat,  
 Beautiful home !

Beautiful thought, to gather there  
 After the daily toil and care ;  
 Beautiful thought, at my own fireside  
 To rest in the shades of the evening tide,  
 Beautiful home !

Beautiful hope, amid the gloom,  
 Toiling, travelling, nearing home !  
 The light in the lattice, though seen afar,  
 Is brighter to me than yon beautiful star,  
 Beautiful home !

Beautiful children wait to see ;  
 They lovingly wait to welcome me ;  
 Faces all radiant with youthful bloom  
 Are the lights that illumine my beautiful home,  
 Beautiful home !

Beautiful sight—the thrifty board,  
With homely peace and plenty stored ;  
Our daily bread by Heaven supplied,  
And water that leaps from the mountain side,  
                                Beautiful home !

Beautiful Sabbath—day of rest,  
Of all the week, the first, the best ;  
To sons of toil an earnest given  
Of labour done, and rest in heaven.

                                Beautiful home !

Beautiful faith, that looks away  
To the better, brighter, happier day ;  
From joys below to joys above,  
To the permanent home of peace and love,  
                                Beautiful home !

Beautiful home, beyond compare ;  
Beautiful all who enter there.  
At home for aye are all who come ;  
Home of the pilgrim, beautiful home !

                                Beautiful home !

Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

**His and Mine.**

I LIFT my heart to Thee,  
Saviour Divine;

For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine:

Is there on earth a closer bond than this—  
That “ My Beloved ’s mine and I am His ? ”

Thine am I by all ties,  
But chiefly Thine  
That through Thy sacrifice  
Thou, Lord, art mine.

By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound  
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,  
I all things owe ;  
All that I have, and am,  
And all I know :  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not mine own—Lord, I am Thine.

How can I, Lord, withhold  
Life’s brightest hour  
From Thee, or gathered gold,  
Or any power ?  
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me ?

I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
    Me in Thy love,  
Until death's holy sleep  
    Shall me remove,  
To that fair realm where sin and sorrow o'er,  
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE.

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### **Grant us Thy Peace.**

O LAMB of God ! that tak'st away  
    Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,  
Turn Thou, oh turn this night to day,  
    Grant us Thy peace !

The troubled world hath war without ;  
    The restless, wayward heart within  
Hath fear, and weariness, and doubt,  
    And death and sin.

And there are needs that none can know,  
    And tears no eye but Thine can see ;  
Hopes nought can satisfy below ;  
    We look to Thee.

'Tis not the calm, deceitful dream,  
That earth calls peace, we ask for now ;  
No dropping down the fatal stream  
With careless prow.

Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,  
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross :  
Help us to lay our load of guilt  
Beneath Thy cross.

That we amid the toil and strife,  
And storms that never end below,  
Through all the change and chance of life,  
Thy peace may know ;

Not changing like this lower sky,  
Not bounded by these mortal bars,  
Undimmed as sunshine hid on high,  
Calm as the stars ;

The peace that is not ours but Thine,  
Oh safe, and true, and deathless thus !  
'Gainst which all storms in vain combine,  
Grant, grant to us.

Mrs ALESSIE B. FAUSSETT

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### Rest to the Weary.

“COME unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest ;”  
Oh blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed.  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto me, dear children,  
And I will give you light ;”  
Oh loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night.  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

“Come unto me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life ;”  
Oh peaceful voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to end our strife.  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long,  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

“And whosoever cometh  
     I will not cast him out ;”  
 Oh patient love of Jesus,  
     Which drives away our doubt ;  
 Which calls us very sinners,  
     Unworthy though we be  
 Of love so free and boundless,  
     To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

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### *The Grange of Bethany.*

WHO is this, in silence bending  
     O'er a dark sepulchral cave ?  
 Sympathetic sorrow blending  
     With the tears around that grave ?  
         Christ the Lord is standing by,  
         At the tomb of Bethany !

“Jesus wept !”—these tears are over,  
     But His heart is still the same,  
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
     Is His everlasting name.

Saviour ! who can love like Thee,  
     *Gracious One of Bethany ?*

When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Refuge of the troubled soul ;  
Surely none can feel like Thee,  
*Weeping One of Bethany !*

“Jesus wept!”—and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner’s tear,  
Loving to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He solaced here.  
Lord ! when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany !

“Jesus wept!”—that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love,  
Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow—  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
*Living One of Bethany !*

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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*The Good Fight.*

SOLDIER of the cross, obey,  
Follow where the Saviour led,  
Whether it be night or day,  
'Mong the living or the dead.

Lo ! it is not thine to say  
When to march, and when to rest,  
When to watch, and when to pray ;  
Do His will, He knoweth best.

In the dust and tumult we  
Know but a little part and dim ;  
Only He the field can see—  
Trust the battle all to Him.

Trust His wisdom, truth, and right,  
Trust in mercy from above,  
Trust the might of growing light,  
Trust the winning power of love.

Yours is still the fight of faith ;  
Faith the battle won before—  
Faith amid the gloom of death,  
Faith in God for evermore.

Rev. WALTER C. SMITH, M.

### Hymn to the Saviour.

HEART of Jesus, pierced for me,  
Let my heart find rest in Thee ;  
Stream of pardon—tide of grace,  
Purge away each sinful trace ;  
Let that flood celestial flow  
Till my soul is white as snow.  
Riven heart, oh let me be  
Sheltered, cleansed, and blest in Thee !

Arms of Jesus, stretched for me  
On the cross in agony,  
Fold me in a sure embrace,  
Hold me by the might of grace,  
Make me steadfast in the fight,  
Keep me from all false delight,  
Clasp me close until I stand  
Safe within the better land.

Voice of Jesus, once for me,  
Raised in tones of misery,  
When the bitter cry went up,  
“ Father, take away this cup ! ”  
Soothe me in my dark distress,  
Warn me in my heedlessness ;  
Plead for me, oh voice Divine,  
Blend my feeble prayers with Thine.

## *HARP OF THE*

Love of Jesus, set on me,  
Seeing all that was to be,  
Knowing all the shame and scorn,  
That should meet the Virgin-born ;  
Love that never sank or failed,  
When the powers of sin prevailed,  
Fill my heart, and let me be  
Satisfied alone with Thee.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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## *Harvest-Home.*

LORD of harvest, Thee we praise,  
Unto Thee our song we raise ;  
Thou art great, and Thou art good,  
Filling all the earth with food ;  
For our garners stored with grain,  
Come we now with thanks again ;  
From the harvest-field we come,  
To the feast of harvest-home !

Glad and joyful let us be ;  
God hath fed us plenteously ;  
Sower, reaper, both rejoice,  
Lifting up a thankful voice ;

Empty, we have sought for food,  
And are filled, for God is good ;  
Now with gathered sheaves we come,  
On our feast of harvest-home.

Praise Him for the harvest-field,  
Praise Him for its plenteous yield,  
Praise Him for the sun and moon,  
Shades of night, and clouds of noon ;  
For refreshing dews that fall,  
Mist, and vapour, rain, and all ;  
Lord, with thankful hearts we come,  
To our joyful harvest-home !

Hail, all hail, Thou harvest Lord !  
True the promise of Thy Word :  
They that sow in tears and weep,  
Shall with joy and gladness reap ;  
Seed upon the waters cast,  
Shall return in sheaves at last ;  
All the seed of God shall come,  
To His endless harvest-home !

Work, while it is called to-day,  
Plant and water, watch and pray ;  
Sow beside all waters—sow ;  
Go into His vineyard, go !

Day is short, and night is nigh,  
No more sowing when we die ;  
Come, O Lord, come quickly, come  
Take us to Thy harvest-home !

Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.

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### *The Blood of Sprinkling.*

BLOOD of sprinkling ! healing tide,  
Life and peace bestowing ;  
From its fount in Jesus' side,  
Full and ever-flowing :  
Like the stream in Horeb, struck  
From the cleft and living rock,  
On it flows, and flows for me,  
Ever near, and ever free.

Heart of Jesus ! pierced for me,  
Pledge of sins forgiven ;  
Mirrored in thy fount I see  
All the smiles of heaven.

Thence, when sin has stung my soul,  
Flows the balm that makes it whole ;  
Life to God, and death to sin,  
Peace without, and peace within.

Every rival I dethrone,  
    Every tie dissever ;  
Lamb of God ! reign Thou alone  
    In my heart for ever.  
Wash it clean from every stain,  
    Cool its fever, soothe its pain,  
Chase its gloom, and clear its way  
    Onward to the perfect day.

Rev. JOHN GUTHRIE, D.D.

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### **E**vening Prayer.

WHEN the shades of evening darken  
    O'er the valley and the hill,  
When the work of day is ended,  
    And the busy world is still,  
Then within thy chamber kneeling,  
    Looking upward to the sky,  
Put aside each ruffled feeling,  
    Lift thy heart to God on high.

Tell to Christ each care and sorrow,  
Every thought that gives thee pain,  
Ask for strength, that on the morrow,  
Shall through all thy tasks sustain ;  
And in penitence and meekness,  
Humbly then His pardon pray,  
For the sinfulness and weakness  
He has marked throughout the day.

Bring to Him each eager longing,  
Of thy weary wayward heart,  
Restless wishes ever thronging,  
Which can nought of peace impart ;  
Pray that He the ceaseless yearning,  
By one gentle word will still ;  
And those longings heavenward turning,  
He thy thirsty soul will fill.

Tell to Him each thought perplexing,  
Every fear that tries thy mind,  
Every wrong for which thou'rt vexing,  
And sweet comfort thou shalt find.  
Then in faith and hope relying  
On His love so firm and true,  
Thou shalt rest, all care defying,  
Rise to face the world anew.

JULIA SQUIRE.

### Till He Come.

TILL He come—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords ;  
Let the little while between,  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast :  
Hush ! be every murmur dumb,  
It is only—till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press :  
Would we have one sorrow less ?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss ;  
Death and darkness, and the tomb  
Only whisper—“Till He come.”

## *HARP OF THE*

See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread—  
Sweet memorials—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board ;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only—till He come.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A.

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## *Millennium Glory.*

HASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory  
When the world shall groan no more :  
When the Gospel's joyous story  
Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation,  
Let Messiah's power increase ;  
Every tribe and tongue and nation  
Welcome in the Prince of Peace !

Wake your echoes, rocks of Kedar !  
Midian, Ephah, own His grace !  
“ Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar,  
Beautify His holy place ! ”

Blessed time, when every dwelling  
Shall the joyful anthem raise ;  
Every heart with rapture swelling,  
Thrilling every tongue with praise.

When the leopard and the lion  
With the lamb in peace shall lie,  
And within the earthly Zion  
Dwells the love that reigns on high.

Firmament, now glowing o'er us,  
Mountains, rivers, isles, and sea,  
All combine to swell the chorus  
That will ring earth's jubilee.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

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### PASSOVER.

PASS over me, O God, I pray,  
When judgment marks Thy awful way ;  
For see, the lintel of my door  
With stain of blood is sprinkled o'er :  
And when Thou dost that blood-stain see,  
O Lord, my God, pass over me.

L

For lo ! the paschal lamb is slain,  
Whose bloodshed doth my temple stain ;  
In faith and agony of fear,  
Scarce knowing why I placed it here :  
And when Thou dost that blood-stain see,  
O Lord, my God, pass over me.

I hear Thy foot draw swiftly nigh,  
I crouch with an averted eye,  
I clasp my firstborn to my breast,  
Yet on Thy covenant I rest,  
That when Thou dost that blood-stain see,  
Thou wilt, O God, pass over me.

Look not, O righteous Lord, within  
My mortal tenement of sin,  
Where fragments of Thy broken law  
Lie lost in filth, and weeds, and straw :  
Only do Thou the blood-stain see,  
And then, O God, pass over me.

Pass over me, O Lord, my God,  
And when Thine awful foot has trod,  
I'll drink Thy cup of mercy shed,  
And eat of Thy unleavened bread,  
In sweet communion with Thee  
Who dost in love pass over me.

PHILIP ACTON.

### Night and Morning.

LORD ! in love and mercy save us,  
For our trust is all in Thee ;  
In that cleansing fountain lave us,  
Which alone can make us free !

Weary, life's rough billows breasting,  
Through the long lone dismal night,  
Grant that calmly, on Thee resting,  
We may wait for morning light ;

When the sun shall shine forth, bringing  
Peace, with healing on his wings ;  
And—all sadness changed to singing—  
Thirst be slaked in living springs.

Lord ! we pray, and know Thou hearest,  
For Thy promises are true ;  
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest ;  
He who knows can also do !

What though night-black storms of sorrow,  
Chafing, blind our eyes with tears ?  
Joy, we know, comes with the morrow,  
For our Heavenly Father hears ;

Change, O Lord!—we pray in me  
Israel's wail to Miriam's song:  
Feeling our own utter weakness,  
Let us in Thy strength be strong!

ANDREW JAMES S

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### In the Dark Valley.

O LOVING Father, give Thy poor chil

Nor love nor skill avails in her sore need,  
Her hope is all in Thee ;  
Weary the days, and the dark lingering nights  
Bring but new agony.

Her spirit faints, so heavy is the cross,  
So terrible the pain ;  
O loving Father, by Thy strength and power  
Her sinking heart sustain !

Yes, loving Father, give Thy poor child strength,  
Thy child for whom Christ died ;  
And 'midst extremest sufferings, may she press  
Still closer to Thy side.

Hold Thou her trembling hand ; speak to her soul  
That comfort most Divine :  
“ Through the deep waters I am with thee still :  
Fear not, for thou art mine.”

Dark is the valley, thorny is the track,  
Shadows of death are here ;  
Yet Christ's dear footsteps shine amid the gloom,  
And home and heaven are near.

O loving Father, give Thy poor child strength  
A little while to wait,  
If so Thy will, ere Thou shalt welcome her  
Within the pearly gate.

For she is weak ; and oh, the way seems long,  
And rest so oft delayed !  
Yet all her trust is in her Father's love,  
Her hope on Jesus stayed.

She knows Thy hand is guiding her frail bark  
To that eternal shore  
Where the same hand shall wipe away all tears,  
And pain shall be no more.

O loving Father, give Thy poor child strength,  
Thy child for whom Christ died,  
To linger or to go, as seems Thee best,  
So Christ be glorified !

JENNETTE THRELFALL.

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### To the Savioress.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day,  
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,  
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord ! bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,  
In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord ! Thy fair creation groans—  
The air, the earth, the sea—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,  
With one awakening smile,  
And bid the serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruit  
Of grace and peace divine ;  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir EDWARD DENNY, Bart.

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**Psalms of Dedication.**

(CONTRIBUTED.)

KING of Zion ! God of Grace !  
With Thy glory fill this place ;  
Make this house we consecrate,  
House of God and heaven's gate ;  
Here in all Thy beauty dwell,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

What we give is all Thine own—  
Heart of love, and house of stone ;  
Thou did'st cause the work begin—  
By Thy grace we enter in ;  
Help, and we shall prosper well,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Grant communion when we meet ;  
Solemn worship ; service sweet ;  
Noble praise ; prevailing prayer ;  
Gospel truth and joy to share,  
More than we can ask or tell,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Bind in one both great and small,  
Rich and poor, and bless them all :  
Then let each, the blessing found,  
Bear it hence, and spread it round,  
Till Thy name all know full well,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Spare the lambs within our fold ;  
Strengthen youth, and cheer the old ;  
Every soul to new life raise ;  
Every mouth fill with Thy praise ;  
Let Thy love each bosom swell,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Helper and beloved of all !  
When our charity is small ;  
Weak hands wish for idle ease ;  
Faints our zeal on feeble knees ;  
Let thine own strong love compel,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Life of all that live or die !  
Hear us when too weak to cry ;  
When doth fail our heavenward hymn ;  
When love cools, and light grows dim—  
Show Thy face, and all is well,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Thee we praise, by love's constraint,  
 Sinner's Friend, sweet Rest of saint ;  
 Open Way, and Truth, and Life ;  
 Joy of sorrow, End of strife ;  
 Sure Defence from death and hell,  
 God with us, Emmanuel !

Wonderful, Thy works and ways :  
 Counsellor, beyond all praise ;  
 Father's Love that ne'er shall cease ;  
 Mighty God, and Prince of Peace ;  
 Conqueror, whom none can quell,  
 God with us, Emmanuel !

Root of David ; Morning Star ;  
 Refuge near, and Hope afar ;  
 Rose with all sweet Sharon's grace ;  
 Lily in the lowliest place ;  
 Lamb of God ; Salvation's Well,  
 God with us, Emmanuel !

In the ages long ago  
 Thou did'st come, a Child of woe ;  
 Sharing with us sorrow's bread ;  
 Thorns upon Thy righteous head ;  
 From the cross Thy life's blood fell,  
 God with us, Emmanuel !

Ours the sin, and Thine the pain ;  
Thy great agony our gain ;  
Guilt of sin Thou tak'st away ;  
Love of sin no more will stay  
When Thy Spirit breaks the spell,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Sick in body or in soul,  
Thou, our Health, shalt make us whole ;  
Naught can harm when Thou art near ;  
Future ill we need not fear ;  
Ne'er in loneliness we dwell,  
God with us, Emmanuel !

Death, by Thee, is dawn of light,  
Change of hope for welcome sight,  
Faltering faith for perfect love,  
Church below for church above—  
There at home with Thee to dwell  
Evermore—Emmanuel !

Rev. THOMAS DUNLOP.

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### The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, throned in heaven above,  
All glory to Thy name of love ;  
Thy kingdom come ; Thy holy will  
May earth as well as heaven fulfil.

Give us this day our daily food,  
 With all we need of promised good ;  
 And freely all our sins remit,  
 As we our debtors freely quit.

Defend us from the tempter's ways ;  
 Uphold when tried, when fallen, raise ;  
 For power is Thine, and boundless reign  
 In glory evermore. Amen.

Rev. JOHN GUTHRIE, D.D.

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### *Mary Magdalene at the Cross.*

WITH her clasped hands upraised against the wood  
 Stained by His blood,  
 Beneath the Saviour's piercèd feet she knelt,  
 And weeping felt  
 The sprinkled drops from that ensanguined tree,  
 Where Jesus hung to set the sinner free.  
  
 'Mid darkness deep the glory from His face  
 Illumed the place,  
 And showed her anguished eyes uplifted there,  
 And golden hair,  
 Which once had wiped the drenching tears away  
 From His dear feet upon a happier day.

Unutterable love and sorrow now  
Sate on her brow,  
As for her sins He gave His precious blood,  
A cleansing flood,  
Down from His outstretched hands, and thorn-crowned  
head,  
The mighty ransom, drop by drop, was shed.

Lord, be it mine beneath Thy cross to kneel,  
And daily feel  
The tenderness of gratitude and grief ;  
And find relief  
From haunting fears that on the conscience rise,  
In presence of the Glorious Sacrifice.

And when the changing winds of error blow  
Men to and fro ;  
As ivy clings to the sustaining tree,  
May I to Thee  
Cling evermore, O Lord, and safe abide,  
Clasping in life and death the Crucified.

Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

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**Praise in Affliction.**

O GRACIOUS God, to Thee I bend  
My faltering steps, Thou sinner's Friend !  
A suppliant low, to Thee I raise  
The voice of gratitude and praise ;  
From sorrow's depths, I weeping cry ;  
Look on me, Lord, with pitying eye ;  
Thine arm extend to set me free,  
And bind my bursting heart to Thee.

O blessed Jesus, who did'st shed  
Compassion's tear o'er Lazarus dead ;  
Who didst the Father's smile forego,  
And stoop to veriest depths of woe ;  
That in Thy sorrows the distress'd  
May see the way to Heaven and rest,  
Vouchsafe, O Christ, to succour me,  
Increase my faith to trust in Thee.

O Holy Spirit, who did'st come,  
To cheer the weary wanderer home ;  
Comfort to breathe on those who mourn,  
The heart to heal by anguish torn ;  
On me extend, blessed Paraclete,  
The influence of Thy power and might ;  
That so from sin and suffering free,  
I joy and peace may find in Thee.

O Father, Jesus, Spirit, Lord !  
 Three persons in one God adored ;  
 My drooping energies revive,—  
 Bid me to come to Thee and live ;  
 When foes beset and friends forsake,  
 Lord hear me for Thy mercy's sake ;  
 And grant me refuge as I flee,  
 To cast my burdened soul on Thee.

I've drunk the bitter cup for years,  
 But Thou hast bottled up my tears ;  
 Thou knowest me, Lord, and Thou wilt keep  
 My pathway safe alongst the deep ;  
 Thou'l cause the angry storm to cease,  
 Midst tempests wild Thou'l whisper peace ;  
 Or if unstilled should surge the sea,  
 The gale shall waft my soul to Thee.

Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.

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### Child's Hymn.

FATHER of Mercy, God of Love !  
 I lift my eyes to Thee ;  
 Among Thy blessed babes above,  
 Wilt Thou place me ?

Imploring blessings on my head,  
 My parents bend the knee,  
 While angels hover round my bed  
 And watch o'er me.

Oh, may my every wish and thought  
 Be filled with love to Thee,  
 Who with Thy Son's dear blood hath bought  
 Poor babes like me !

Father of Mercy, God of Love,  
 Lord of all purity !  
 Among Thy blessed saints above,  
 Wilt Thou place me ?

JAMES BALLANTINE.

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### *The Sun of Righteousness.*

O SUN of Righteousness arise,  
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,  
 And heal our sorrows, dry our tears,  
 And scatter all our guilty fears.

Shine forth that our sad hearts may see  
 The glory of the Lord in Thee,  
 The pitying love, the plenteous grace,  
 Which are the brightness of His face.

The lights that in our darkness shine,  
Shall fade before Thy light divine,  
Shall fade because the darkness flies,  
Lost in the light that never dies.

Break forth, O Sun of Righteousness,  
And earth shall sing Thy glorious grace,  
And all the clouds that round Thee meet,  
Shall be as rainbows 'neath Thy feet.

And quickened by Thy light divine,  
We shall with holy beauties shine,  
And with the glory Thou hast given,  
Will glorify the God of heaven.

Rev. WALTER C. SMITH, M.A.

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### Sabbath Hymn.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain.  
It comes as cooling showers  
To some enchanted land,  
As shade of clustered palm trees  
'Mid weary waste of sand.

O day ! when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy ;  
When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest,  
And pain to wondrous rapture  
Upon the Saviour's breast !

Now we would bring for offering—  
Though marred with earthly soil—  
A week of earnest labour,  
Of steady, faithful toil ;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit  
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone ;  
So many talents wasted,  
So few bright laurels won.

So be it, Lord, for ever,  
Oh, may we evermore,  
In Thy most holy presence,  
Thy blessèd name adore,  
Upon this peaceful Sabbath,  
Within these temple walls—  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Zion's golden halls.

So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow,  
And sin, and strife, is past ;  
When angel hands have gathered  
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,  
Most holy Trinity.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

---

“I will not let Thee go.”

JESUS, I cannot, will not let Thee go,  
I love Thee so ;  
Far less Thy love will ever suffer Thee  
To part with me.

I know Thou lovest me, but cannot tell  
How long, how well ;  
And all the love that fills this heart of mine  
Is drawn from Thine.

I feel no sorrow, and I fear no fear,  
When Thou art near ;  
And all my sinful feelings droop and die  
Beneath Thine eye.

O let my weary head sink down to rest  
Upon Thy breast ;  
And let me drink in flowing words my fill  
Of Thy sweet will.

Thou hast, Thy dear self, of the pain I bear  
The largest share ;  
My sorest agony is very bliss  
When I think this.

When my weak spirit cannot rise in song,  
O make me strong !  
And when uneasy murmurings will not cease,  
O whisper peace !

Upon Thy bosom leaning, let me there  
Loose all my care ;  
And gazing on Thy glory, let me be  
Made like to Thee.

O love of Christ ! that I can never know,  
    Nor yet let go ;  
With Thee all sorrow from my life is driven,  
    And death is heaven.

Rev. THOMAS DUNLOP.

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### **Jesus, See a Little Child.**

(*From the "Child's Garland," with the permission of  
Messrs Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.*)

JESUS, see a little child  
    Kneeling at its mother's knee,  
Meekly pleading at Thy feet,  
    Lifting up its hands to Thee.  
Saviour, guide my little steps,  
    Never let them halt or stray ;  
Wash me with Thy precious blood ;  
    Jesus, take my sins away !

Make me gentle, make me good ;  
    Let no evil fill my breast ;  
Never leave me, night or day,  
    Watch me when I play or rest.

Jesus, Saviour of the world,  
 Look with pity down on me ;  
 Though I'm but a little child,  
 Teach me how to pray to Thee.

MATTHIAS BARR.

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### *Seeking God.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

WHERE art Thou, O my God? I call by day,  
 While the light trembles on my troubled breast ;  
 To Thee I cry, 'mid evening's shadows grey ;  
 In the night season do I take no rest.

Backward I go, and muse upon the scene  
 Of every vanished joy and every care ;  
 I cannot find Thee where Thou oft hast been ;  
 Then I go forward, but Thou art not there.

Where art Thou, O my God? to Thee I pray,  
 And lift my hands to Thee, and mourn and weep ;  
 Why are Thy mercies put so far away?  
 Why are Thy footsteps in the unfathomed deep?

Yet wherefore droopest thou, my soul? and why  
Trembles my spirit at His mighty rod?  
Still will I seek Thee as Thou passest by,  
And praise Thee for Thy love, my God, my God!

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

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### The Rock of Ages.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene :  
Before Thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations,  
The everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadow  
On sunny hills that lie ;  
Or grasses in the meadows,  
That blossom but to die :  
A sleep, a dream, a story,  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
 Whose light grows never pale,  
 Teach us aright to number  
 Our years before they fail.  
 On us Thy mercy lighten,  
 On us Thy goodness rest,  
 And let Thy Spirit brighten  
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour  
 With beauty and with grace,  
 Till, clothed in light for ever,  
 We see Thee face to face :  
 A joy no language measures ;  
 A fountain brimming o'er ;  
 An endless flow of pleasures ;  
 An ocean without shore.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A.

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### Wor k.

WORK is sweet, for God hath blest  
 Honest work with quiet rest,  
 Rest below, and rest above,  
 In the mansions of His love,  
 When the work of life is done,  
 When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,  
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,  
Work for all that's great and good,  
Working for your daily food ;  
Working whilst the golden hours,  
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

Working not your work for gold,  
Work that can be bought or sold ;  
Not the work that worketh strife,  
But the working of a life ;  
Careless both of good and ill,  
If ye can but do His will.

Working e'er the day is gone,  
Working till your work is done ;  
Not as traffickers at marts,  
But as fitteth honest hearts ;  
Working till your spirits rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, B.A.

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### Morning Hymn.

My Father, for another night  
Of quiet sleep and rest,  
For all the joy of morning light,  
Thy holy name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give  
 Myself anew to Thee,  
 That as Thou willest I may live,  
 And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
 Whate'er I speak or frame,  
 Thy glory may I seek in all,  
 Do all in Jesu's name.

My Father, for His sake I pray,  
 Thy child accept and bless ;  
 And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
 In paths of righteousness.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAM BAKER, Bart.

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### The Happy Land.

THERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day.  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;  
 Loud let His praises ring,  
 Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away ;  
Why will ye doubting stand—  
Why still delay ?  
Oh, we shall happy be  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee—  
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye :  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
Oh, then to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.

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### **For the Time of Trouble.**

WHEN the body's racked with pain,  
When we seek, and seek in vain,  
When the clouds pour down in rain,  
Miserere Domine.

Worn with want, and wan with care,  
When in hours of dark despair  
Life itself seems hard to bear,  
Miserere Domine.

When the mind with doubt is torn,  
When in solitude we mourn,  
Sad, forsaken, and forlorn,  
Miserere Domine.

When the shadows of the night  
Steal o'er all that's good and bright,  
When we seek in vain for light,  
Miserere Domine.

When the day of life is past,  
And our sun is sinking fast,  
Standing by the grave at last,  
Miserere Domine.

In our hour of sorest need,  
E'er the judgment is decreed,  
When for mercy, Lord, we plead,  
Miserere Domine.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, B.A.

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**Hymn for New Year's Day.**

THE little star by night,  
Shining in heaven,  
Always doth shed the light  
Jesus hath given.  
Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The little drop of dew,  
In lowly place,  
Worketh for Jesus too,  
By Jesus' grace.  
Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The lily, fair and bright,  
Grows by the flood,  
Like saints, washed clean and white  
In Jesus' blood.  
Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The sweet rose all around  
Sendeth its smell,  
But sweeter scent is found  
Where Christ doth dwell.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The meek lamb, suffering sore,  
Doth ne'er complain,  
Like Jesus when He bore  
Our sin and pain.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The lark doth gaily rise  
And sweetly sing,  
Up where the spirit flies  
On prayerful wing.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The little birds all think,  
When sorely pressed  
For shelter, meat, or drink,  
That God knows best.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

The little rills all flow  
To one great sea,  
As all Thy children go,  
Lord, nearer Thee.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

All things work out Thy will,  
And give Thee praise ;  
For love abideth still  
In all Thy ways.

Father, I pray  
That it may be  
Even so with me  
From day to day.

*HARP OF THE*

Our fathers in the sky,  
 Ere life was passed,  
 All hoped to reach on high  
 Sweet home at last.  
 Father, I pray  
 That it may be  
 Even so with me  
 From day to day.

Rev. THOMAS DUNLOP.

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*A Child's Prayer.*

(*From the "Child's Book of Song and Praise," by permission of Messrs Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.*)

SAVIOUR, now the day is ended,  
 Humbly unto Thee I bow ;  
 See my little hands extended,  
 Pleading to Thee now.  
 See me on my bended knee,  
 Pouring out my soul to Thee.

Jesus, Jesus, oh ! how weakly  
Come the words upon my tongue ;  
Yet receive my offering meekly,  
I am very young.  
Help me, guide me, as I go  
That I better, wiser grow.

Shed Thy light within my bosom,  
Fill my heart with love and prayer ;  
I am but a tender blossom,  
Needing all Thy care.  
Keep, oh ! keep me in Thy sight ;  
Watch and tend me day and night.

MATTHIAS BARR.

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### The Communion of Saints.

THE Church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord :  
She is His new creation  
By water and the Word ;  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride,  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish !  
Her dear Lord to defend,  
To guide, sustain, and cherish,  
Is with her to the end :  
Though there be those who hate her,  
And false sons in her pale,  
Against or foe or traitor  
She ever shall prevail.

Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed ;  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, " How long ?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With Father, Spirit, Son,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won :  
With all her sons and daughters,  
Who, by the Master's hand  
Led through the deathly waters,  
Repose in Eden-land.

Oh, happy ones and holy !  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee :  
There past the border mountains,  
Where in sweet vales the Bride  
With Thee by living fountains  
For ever shall abide.

Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A.

**Nursery Hymn.**

Who pointed me to sins forgiven,  
 And opened up my way to heaven ?  
 Who with my wicked heart has striven ?  
 Jesus !

Both Teacher and Exemplar too,  
 Who showed me what 'twas right to do—  
 What I should shun and what pursue ?  
 Jesus !

Who did the little children bless—  
 And say that all who should confess  
 His faith—must have their innocence ?  
 Jesus !

Who, though the Son of God above,  
 Did to His earthly parents prove  
 Obedient—faithful—full of love ?  
 Jesus !

Who gave the hungry people food ?  
 Who all temptations firm withstood ?  
 Who went about aye doing good ?  
 Jesus !

Serene, and pure, and undefiled—  
Who preached the Word in accents mild ?  
Who gently answered when reviled ?  
                                Jesus !

Who meekly gave Himself to die,  
For wretched sinners such as I—  
That we might live eternally ?

Jesus !

Then, Holy Spirit, give me grace,  
While young, to run the heavenward race,  
And all my hope and trust to place

In Jesus !

Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.

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**Jewish Missionary hymn.**

TELL me, O thou captive daughter,  
    Why this sackcloth on thy brow ?  
Why thy children given to slaughter,  
    Made in servitude to bow ?  
Heaven proclaims the awful story :  
    “ She has slain the Lord of Glory ! ”

She who once in peerless splendour  
 'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned ;  
 Alien now, without defender,  
 Scorned, rejected, and disowned !  
 Nations ! read the thrilling story,  
 Lest ye scorn the Lord of Glory !

Zion ! shall there then be spoken  
 "Glorious things" of thee no more ?  
 Does thy God thy ramparts broken  
 Still forbid thee to restore ?  
 Go and wail with tears the story,  
 How ye *slew* the Lord of Glory !

Lord ! make bare Thine arm to save her ;  
 Let her exiles cease to roam ;  
 Let the promised time to favour,  
 Yea, the set time, let it come !  
 Heralds ! spread the joyful story,  
 Judah *owns* the Lord of Glory !

Rise ! ye prostrate sons of Salem ;  
 God once more is on your side.  
 Weeping aliens ! come and hail Him  
 Whom your fathers crucified.  
 Teach a wondering world the story,  
 How ye *love* the Lord of Glory.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

### The River of God.

THERE is an ancient river,  
Whose streams descend in light  
From never-failing fountains  
Beyond all earthly sight ;  
It ran through all the ages,  
And, wheresoe'er it flowed,  
Up rose the holy city,  
The Lord's elect abode.

The river still is flowing,  
But now with fuller stream ;  
And still the light is falling,  
But now with brighter beam :  
Of old the song of Moses  
Soared as it swept along,  
But now the name of Jesus  
Is made its sweeter song.

Its radiance lights us onward,  
Its chanting waters cheer ;  
Blest is the eye beholding,  
Blest is the hearing ear ;  
For as the earth-clouds darken  
The glory clearer grows,  
And gladder for life's tumult  
The stream of music flows.

God's river ! The one Spirit,  
 Grace of the mystic Seven !  
 From seaward mountain seaward;  
 From heaven, it flows to heaven ;  
 Fair city of these waters !  
 Cheered with their light and song,  
 So are thy children joyful,  
 So are thy servants strong.

O beautiful, the river !  
 The Church upon thy shore,  
 In bliss of expectation  
 Abideth evermore,  
 Till at some holy even  
 Her children on thy breast  
 From foretaste pass to fulness,  
 From waiting into rest.

Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A.

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### *Impense our Faith.*

THOU, who our faithless hearts canst read,  
 And know'st each weakness there ;  
 Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,  
 Oh, turn not from our prayer !

We cannot grasp from hour to hour  
The truths Thy Gospel saith ;  
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,  
And so increase our faith,

That we may trust Thy guardian care,  
When no kind hand we see ;  
That we may lift our souls in prayer  
Undoubtingly to Thee.

Help us to gaze on things unseen  
By eyes of mortal sight ;  
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean  
Some beams of heavenly light.

Thy glorious presence may we see,  
When earth's last tie is riven ;  
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,  
Till we awake in heaven.

Rev. J. BALDWIN BROWN.

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### *Hymn for Children.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children, as lambs, to His fold,  
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when  
He said,  
“Let the little ones come unto me.” \*

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I should like them to know there is room for them  
all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for that blessed and glorious time,  
The fairest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Mrs J. LUKE.

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**Confirmation Litany Hymn.**

O THOU, by whom the saints abide,  
Whatever fears or foes betide,  
Safe in the Bridegroom and the Bride :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

O Thou, who art the gift unpriced  
That for the poorest hath sufficed,  
With grace and peace from Jesus Christ :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

O Thou, who for the awful fight  
With more than mortal will and might  
Hast ever armed the sons of light :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

Arm those who kneel before Thee now—  
Let the dear sign upon their brow  
In every heart seal every vow :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

Dread is the war they now begin,  
But stronger Thou their souls within  
Than all the power of Adam's sin !  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

*HARP OF THE*

O by their death in Him who died !  
Their life in Him, the Glorified !  
Keep them for ever at His side :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

So may they through the hosts of ill  
Go on from strength to strength, until  
They win the peaceful holy hill :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

So, by Thy grace in Him to-day,  
In Him be every soul for aye  
When heaven and earth have passed away :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

Through vigils late and labours long,  
Through all world-weariness and wrong,  
So guide them to Thine evensong :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

The song of work in weakness done,  
The song of rest by mercy won,  
The song of endless life begun :  
    God the Spirit, hear us.

Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A.

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### Jesus my Shepherd.

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep ;  
The Father sought His child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head ;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul They fed.

They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul ;  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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"To die is gain."

(CONTRIBUTED.)

WHEN heart and flesh are failing,  
O Lord, I look to Thee ;  
Let Thy grace, all-prevailing,  
Revive and comfort me !  
This sad world all so dreary  
No resting can supply ;  
Thrice welcome to the weary  
It is in Christ to die.

O happy, happy landing,  
Safe on the other shore,  
Where white-robed friends are standing  
Around my Father's door,  
With ready and sweet greeting  
To grace my raptured eyes,  
All on the threshold meeting  
Of long lost paradise !

O tender ties that bind me  
To this drear earth of woe !  
O friends I leave behind me  
To follow where I go !

Kind Jesus, all-forgiving,  
Calls me in tender love  
Not to the dead but living  
In His bright home above.

Even so come, precious Jesus,  
Sweet Promiser of rest!  
Thy good-will may well please us  
That works all for the best.  
It is brief time for sorrow  
To you, dear friends, who stay ;  
For ye go home to-morrow,  
And I go home to-day.

Rev. THOMAS DUNLOP.







